



DARZ  
2PAC  
BETTER

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Intro"

*[Reporter:]*

Good Evening.

*[\*sirens in the background\*]*

I'm reporting live from Sunset Boulevard where many excited fans have gathered with candles *[\*crowd starts chanting "2Pac"\*)* awaiting the much anticipated release, of 2Pac Shakur's latest album, Better Dayz.

This is yet another post-humous release by 2Pac which, raises the question

"Where are these songs coming from?"

It's interesting how the message in these songs is still relevant today.

Even in his death he's touching people with his lyrics.

I can feel the energy in the air as they count down to midnight when the album will officially be released.

Oh, hold on. I think they're starting to countdown now.

*[Crowd:]*

5, 4, 3, 2, 1.

Writer(s): Jamarese De'angelo Arkeas Coleman

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Still Ballin"

(feat. Trick Daddy)

[2Pac:]

Straight motherfuckin' ballin', part 2  
Still ballin', Westside!

[2Pac:]

Now, ever since a nigga was a seed  
Only thing promised to me was the penitentiary  
Still ballin', ridin' on these niggas 'cause they lame  
In a '61 Chevy, still heavy in this game  
Can you feel me? Blame it on my mama, I'm a thug nigga  
Up before the sun rise, quicker than the drug dealers  
Tell me if it's on, nigga, then we first to bomb  
Bust on these bitch-made niggas, hit 'em up, Westside!  
Ain't nobody loved me as a broke nigga  
Finger on the trigger, Lord forgive me if I smoke niggas  
I love my females strapped, then fuck her from the back  
I get my currency in stacks, California is where I'm at ridin'  
Passed by while these niggas wondered why  
I got shot but didn't die, let 'em see who's next to try  
Did I cry? Hell nah, nigga, tears shed, for all my homies in the pen, many peers dead; a nigga still ballin'

[2Pac (Trick Daddy):]

Still ballin' until I die (until I die)  
You can bring your crew, but we remain true  
Motherfucker, still ballin' (I be ballin')  
Niggas wonder why (they wonder why)  
You can bring your crew, but we remain true  
Motherfucker, still ballin'

[Trick Daddy:]

Now, as I kneel and pray I hope the Lord understand  
When he's gone, devolve, I become a dangerous man  
Ain't crazy or deranged, I'm sayin'  
But when these kids go to spray 'em, boy, won't be playin'  
With clientele, any rhyme sales  
Question is: Will you fuck-niggas ride for real, huh?  
Bitch nigga, this is G-rated  
Plus your homeboy won't make it, street game Fugazi  
I'm elevated to the top of this shit  
Done fucked around and put me and 2Pac on the bitch  
And you can tell 'em "Thug Life" was the reason for this  
And I ride for any nigga who believe in the shit; still ballin'

[2Pac:]

Until the day I die  
You can bring your crew, but we remain true  
Motherfucker, still ballin'  
Niggas wonder why  
You can bring your crew, but we remain true

Motherfucker, still ballin'

*[2Pac:]*

Now everybody wanna see us dead  
Two murdered on the front page  
Shot to death, bullets to the head  
Niggas holla out my name and it's similar to rape  
Motherfuckers know I'm comin', so they runnin' to they graves  
Watch! Swoop down with my nigga from the Pound  
'Cause Trick don't give a fuck  
Where you coward niggas now?  
Blast, keep pumpin', ain't worried about nothin'  
Busters thought we was frontin'  
So reload and keep dumpin'; still ballin'

*[2Pac (Trick Daddy):]*

(I'm still ballin') 'til the day I die ('til I die)  
You can bring your crew, but we remain true  
Motherfucker, still ballin' (I be ballin')  
Niggas wonder why (they wonder why)  
You can bring your crew, but we remain true  
Motherfucker, still ballin'  
'Til the day I die (still ballin')  
You can bring your crew, but we remain true  
Motherfucker, still ballin'  
Niggas wonder why (tell 'em!)  
You can bring your crew, but we remain true  
Motherfucker, still ballin', until the day I die  
(Thug life), still ballin'  
Motherfucker, still ballin'  
Straight motherfuckin' ballin'

Thanks to wazzzzaaaas for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Young Maurice, Brown Ricardo Emmanuel, Jackson Johnny Lee, Pimental Francisco

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "When We Ride On Our Enemies"

Fugees! Fugees and Mobb Deep  
Tryin' to diss now too, huh?!  
Hahaha! Well, I ain't prejudiced  
I don't give a fuck  
This is what it sounds like  
When we ride on our enemies  
Biatch! When we ride on our enemies

Hey, got some static for some niggas on the other side of town  
Let my little cousin K roll, he's a rider now  
What they want from us motherfuckin' thug niggas?  
Used to love niggas, now I plug niggas, and slug niggas  
Am I wrong? Niggas makin' songs, tryin' to get with us  
Must be gone on stress weed, in the West we trust  
To the chest I bust, then we ride 'til the sun come  
Shinin' back to brighten up the sky; how many die?  
Heard the Fugees was tryin' to do me  
Look, bitch: I'll cut your face, this ain't no motherfuckin' movie  
Then, we watch the other two die slow  
Castrated entertainin' at my motherfuckin' sideshow  
Bam! Set my plan in mo'  
Time to exterminate my foes; I can't stand you hoes  
Uh, now label this my fuckin' trick shot  
My lyrics runnin' all you cowards out of hip-hop  
When we ride on our enemies

When we ride on our enemies  
I bet you motherfuckers die  
When we ride on our enemies  
When we ride on our enemies  
Bet all you motherfuckers die  
When we ride on our enemies

Come take a journey through my mind's eye  
You crossed the game, don't explain  
Nigga, time to die; say goodbye  
Watch my eyes when I pull the trigger  
So right before you die, you bow before a bigger nigga  
Now dry your eyes, you was heartless on your hits  
Niggas love to scream "Peace!" after they start some shit  
Pay attention, here's a word to those that robbed me  
I murder you, then I run a train on Mobb Deep  
Don't fuck with me!  
Nigga, you're barely livin', don't you got sickle cell?  
See me have a seizure on stage, you ain't feelin' well  
Hell, how many niggas wanna be involved?  
See, I was only talkin' to Biggie, but I'll kill all of y'all, then ball  
Then tell Da Brat to keep her mouth closed  
Fuck around and get tossed up by the fuckin' Outlawz  
Before I leave, make sure everybody HEARD

Know I meant every motherfuckin' word

When we ride on our enemies

When we ride on our enemies

Make sure everybody die

When we ride, on our enemies

When we ride on our enemies, hehe

I make sure everybody die

When we ride, on our enemies

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Changed Man"

(feat. Johntá Austin, T.I.)

[2Pac:]

Shit, I'm a changed man  
Ay, turn the lights out  
Big baller 2Pac up in this bitch  
Y'know how we swing this shit, look

[2Pac:]

By age sixteen I sold to dopefiends  
Not yet a drug dealer, but I watched 'em closely  
Until they noticed me  
I got the feds wonderin' who broke the law  
Far too inhibited for gun smoke, I broke his jaw  
Words harder than a fuckin' diamond  
Mobile phone call to Simon  
Niggas trippin' homey, when we ridin'?  
Fuck them slowly like Jodeci  
And stick a needle in my eye if I don't live and die for M.O.B  
And fuck your homeboys nigga we can drop the guns  
I hit your block and we can box for fun  
Nigga one on one, last to fall is a ballin' cat  
It's Death Row, why the fuck you think we call it that?  
So if you knew me in my past life  
Don't act like we homeboys, ain't no love in the fast life  
I switch gears on them jealous bitches, who do you fear?  
The game plan of a changed man, so what I'm sayin' is

[Johntá Austin (2Pac):]

I changed plans but I'm still the same old rider  
(Fuckin' with a changed man)  
I slang a new dope to the world but the people still buy it  
(Nigga you fuckin' with a changed man)  
All my real thug niggas, go and get your hands up  
You go and drink the Henn' up  
(You fuckin' with a changed man)  
A changed man, you're dealin' with a changed man

[T.I.:]

In drop top, the Glock cocked  
Got rocks in my socks Cops  
Spot Watt niggas but hardly stop niggas  
Not if they got niggas, dough boys and hot niggas  
Who mighta shot niggas but only by skrilla  
I'm for respect nowadays they expect me  
to be in a Ferrari or the old SL  
Or anything you see flashing past and can't catch  
Dat's me, gauge on the Escalate back seat - don't creep  
Oh what you think, T.I.P. and them sweet? (Don't sleep)  
Get you hit from your head to your feet (And you don't know me)  
I'm fin' ta introduce you to the old me

You walk in, exploded and leave reload  
You don't like a rugged nigga, fuck you, blow me  
But you will respect me or get it in your neckpiece G  
No three niggas here are gonna let me be  
or get you inside there's codes to the streets nigga

*[Johntá Austin (2Pac):]*

I changed plans but I'm still the same old rider  
(You fuckin' with a changed man)  
I slang a new dope to the world but the people still buy it  
(Nigga you fuckin' with a changed man)  
All my real thug niggas, go and get your hands up  
You go and drink the Henn' up  
(You fuckin' with a changed man)  
A changed man, you're dealin' with a changed man  
You fuckin' with a changed man

*[2Pac:]*

A nigga so cold when I flow, bow down to Death Row  
Three wheel motion, comin' through coastin'  
Who's that nigga in the G-ride  
Screamin' out M.O.B.! Nigga we ride  
I hit the charts like a stick-up kid  
Number 1 in the nation  
I fucked the world, the Judge gave me probation  
Faced with incarceration  
Move tapes like it's big weight, slangin' to the whole nation  
GIMME MINE, or I'm blastin' on every song  
Murder my enemies, I'm mashin' until I'm gone  
One love to my thug niggas  
And fuck a bitch, cause a true sister love niggas  
Throw yo' hands in the air, close your eyes and hope  
Never come against the mass of smoke, on Death Row  
My adversaries BLEED  
But fuck 'em all 'til the talk cease  
Fuckin' with a changed man

*[Johntá Austin (2Pac):]*

I changed plans but I'm still the same old rider  
(You fuckin' with a changed man)  
I slang a new dope to the world but the people still buy it  
(Nigga you fuckin' with a changed man)  
All my real thug niggas, go and get your hands up  
You go and drink the Henn' up  
(You fuckin' with a changed man)  
A changed man, you're dealin' with a changed man  
(Nigga you fuckin' with a changed man)

*[Overlapping:]*

I changed plans but I'm still the same old rider  
You fuckin' with a changed man  
I slang a new dope to the world but the people still buy it  
Nigga you fuckin' with a changed man  
All my real thug niggas, go and get your hands up  
You go and drink the Henn' up  
You fuckin' with a changed man



A changed man, you're dealin' with a changed man  
You fuckin' with a changed man

[2Pac:]

E'rybody think they understand me  
Shit, you niggas don't know me  
Y'all know that nigga on the rap song  
Y'all know that nigga in the movies  
You don't know this nigga in 3-D  
Real live right up against you in front of yo' face  
Shit.

Westside, Outlaw Immortalz, hehehe  
Nigga, you fuckin' with a changed man  
Hahaha, you fuckin' with a changed man  
Hahaha, I ain't the same, you fuckin' with a changed man  
We ain't the same, you fuckin' with a changed man  
We ain't the same, fuckin' with a changed man  
Changed man

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Fuck Em All"

(feat. Outlawz)

*[2Pac (singers):]*

You a what? Bad Boy Killaz  
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)  
Hahaha, yeah, nigga, fuck 'em all!  
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)  
Fuck all you muthafuckers!  
Ayo, Biggie, put your hands up!

*[2Pac:]*

Now, I can make it happen  
My rappin' is similar to mothafuckers when they scrappin'  
Blast and watch 'em back up  
Notorious Biggie killer, affiliation with Death Row  
Niggas get their caps peeled back, fool, this the West Coast  
Bitch, you misdemeanor, I'm raisin' hell like felonies  
Mr. Makaveli straight outta jail to sellin' these  
Intoxicated, we duplicated but never faded  
Now that we made it my adversaries is player hatin'  
Got a Mercedes for these tricks, that thought I quit  
Then got a drop top jag for these bitches that's on my dick  
Go to a club in a pack, I'm smokin' bud in the back  
I wait for niggas to trip 'cause, bitch, I love to scrap  
Mama raised me as a thug nigga, with love niggas  
I'm a millionaire started as a drug dealer  
I went from rocks to zines, writin' raps and movies  
I went from trustin' these tricks  
Now they all want to sue me, so fuck 'em all!

*[Young Noble (singers):]*

(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)  
Come put your hands up in the air!  
It's a middle finger affair, yeah  
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)

*[Kadafi:]*

Now, could you picture my criminal status at its fuckin' peak?  
Even the baddest be gettin' murdered in they seats  
I'm addicted to these streets, like crack is to these creeps  
Seein' visions of a prison, wake up screamin' in my sleep  
Is there a heaven in this hell? A possibility of livin' well?  
But if they killin' me, I get my stripes and whose to tell  
Choosin' to sell, I'd rather die and be deceased  
World mob figure addicted to these fuckin' streets

*[E.D.I.:]*

Now, put your muthafuckin' hands up if you's a rider (Ride)  
Niggas ain't killers so they hidin' (Why?)  
Fuck 'em all, touch 'em all; that's the way that we do it  
Ride up, hop the fuck out, watch that bitch nigga lose it

Man, I'm as strong as this game, ya'll be knowin' my name  
A young high strung thug nigga created by pain  
Livin' my life in the fast lane, gettin' fucked by the past  
Got my mind on my cash  
And my next piece of ass, so fuck 'em all!

*[Young Noble (singers):]*  
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)  
Come put your hands up in the air!  
It's a middle finger affair, yeah  
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)  
I do my dirt all by my lonely  
Don't need no phony homie to call me  
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)  
Back off, I hit at everyone of you homies  
So don't get comfortable, I'm runnin' you  
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)  
Nigga, we Outlaw riders  
Don't give a fuck if you love us, we thuggin'

*[2Pac:]*  
I got glad bags with enemies, cut up so they remember me  
Soaked up in Hennessy, so they relatives know it's me  
You can bet your last dollar, I'll dick 'em and holla  
Ridin' these hoochies like they some heavy ass Chevy impalas  
Jump up and get your ass shot up  
For my profit pick my Glock up  
I'm bustin' with self-defense, you see  
Poppin' nobody got 'em, holla  
Outlaw riders, mash up on the gas pedal  
Vacate the scene, count the cash and stash the precious metal  
Here come the coppers, the S.W.A.T. team and the helicopters  
Them crackers is crazy, why? 'Cause they'll never stop us  
I watched Arnold Schwarzenegger bust somebody in a movie  
Now I want to do it too, ooh, ooh  
Niggas is too through, true to the game  
I claim Outlaw riders, we give a fuck what they try, I'm...

*[Young Noble:]*  
'Cause Young Noble behind it  
Can you picture me stickin' niggas for they watch and chain?  
Kick back, lil' nigga, and watch the game  
Get your mob rocked and what-not  
We keep it poppin', like a drug spot  
The streets know what's hot, trust me

*[Napoleon:]*  
Even my hood call me "baby Malcolm X"  
With the TEC's, shower some slugs on 'em  
I've got a brother, don't rest and he keeps some drugs on him  
Always in grind mood, hustle to find food  
Ever seen Faces of Death? That's what my 9 do

*[Kastro:]*  
I keep my mind on my money, and my money on my mind  
With my back against the wall, like I'm runnin' outta time

Even rap with a gat, I must be goin' out my mind  
Like I'm up against the world, this guerrilla team of mine  
Screamin', "Thug Life, bitch, fuck 'em all!" and die for 'em  
Even if the last nigga left I'ma ride for 'em  
Feel me? Until they kill me, that's how I'm rollin'  
"Fuck 'em all, let them die!" – that's my slogan; fuck 'em all!

*[Young Noble (singers):]*  
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)  
Come put your hands up in the air!  
It's a middle finger affair, yeah  
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)  
I do my dirt all by my lonely  
Don't need no phony homie to call me  
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)  
Back off, I hit at everyone of you homies  
So don't get comfortable, I'm runnin' you  
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)  
Nigga, we Outlaw riders  
Don't give a fuck if you love us, we thuggin'  
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)  
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)  
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)

Thanks to dziga for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Beale Mutah W, Cooper Rufus Lee, Cox Katari T, Greenidge Malcolm R, Fula Yafeu A, Jackson  
Johnny Lee

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Never B Peace"

(feat. Kastro, E.D.I. Mean)

[2Pac:]

Now of course I want peace on the streets, but realistically  
Paintin' perfect pictures ain't never worked, my misery  
Was so deep, couldn't sleep through all my pressures  
In my quest for cash I learned fast, usin' violent measures  
Memories of adolescent years, there was unity  
But after puberty, we brought war to our community  
So many bodies droppin', it's gotta stop, I wanna help  
But still I'm steppin', keep my weapon, must protect myself  
The promise of a better tomorrow ain't never reached me  
Plus my teachers was too petrified in class to teach me  
Sippin' Thunderbird and grape Kool-Aid, callin' Earl  
Since my stomach was empty it seduced me to fuck the world  
Watch my lil' homies lose they childhoods to guns  
Nobody cries no more, 'cause we all die for fun  
So why you ask me if I want peace if you can't grant it?  
Niggas fightin' across the whole planet  
So it could never be peace

[2Pac:]

Will there ever be peace, or are we all, just headed for doom?  
Still consumed by the beast?  
And I know there'll never be peace  
That's why I keep my pistol when I walk the streets  
'Cause there could never be peace

[Kastro:]

Somebody owes me. Will they control me? Not  
I ain't a hater player, but I want all you got  
Y'all babies had babies, now we fightin' each other  
My dawgs got frabies, they bitin' each other  
And it ain't hard to find a friend like mine  
Bigfully is a bullet and he don't mind dyin'  
And I gotta be blind, missed sign after sign  
Time after time after time after time  
And I don't like nobody, they don't like me more  
And I'm good with that finally, but they heard it before  
Dawg, we livin' in a prison, losin' our religion  
On Thanksgivin' we thankful, just for livin' in Hell  
Damn, homie, I don't mean to be harsh  
But there's a devil in the ghetto tryin' to tear it apart  
And if we make it up out, we still stuck in the dark  
Will there ever be peace? Just a piece of my heart. Never!

[Outlawz:]

The only peace we got is a piece of our heart, piece of our mind, or that damn piece that we hold in our waistline  
You feel me, dawg? C'mon, uh

[2Pac:]

So will there ever be peace  
Or are we all just headed for doom?  
Still consumed by the beast?  
And I know there'll never be peace (never)  
That's why I keep my pistol when I walk the streets  
'Cause there'll never be peace

[E.D.I.:]

Thangs is changin', nigga, you better read the signs  
I'm only concerned about me and mine in these times  
The world is a ghetto and peace is not a part of it  
We all believe God's new plan to make it out of this  
Niggas spendin' too much time hatin' on each other  
Niggas buyin' guns, loadin' 'em up, aimin' at each other  
And the victim is you and me, it's sick, but it's true indeed  
The good die, mostly over bullshit, repeatedly  
Deep in me there's a part that wants nothing but love  
But the rest of me know, war is what's waitin' for us  
So I stays ready, keep my pay heavy and boss up  
Stack my funds and my guns, never rely on luck  
Askin' God to point out the impostor  
Never let no weapon formed against me prosper  
'Cause there'll never be peace, so don't rely on it, soldiers dyin' for it, and in the ghetto, they cryin' for it. But fuck  
peace!

[2Pac:]

Will there ever be peace, or are we all just, headed for doom? Still consumed by the beast?  
And I know there'll never be peace  
That's why I keep my pistol when I walk the streets  
Fool, there'll never be peace  
Will there ever be peace, or are we all just, headed for doom? Still consumed by the beast?  
And I know there'll never be peace  
That's why I keep my pistol when I walk the streets  
Nigga, there'll never be peace  
Will there ever be peace, or are we all just, headed for doom? Still consumed by the beast?  
And I know there'll never be peace  
That's why I keep my pistol when I walk the streets  
Nigga, there'll never be peace  
Will there ever be peace?

[2Pac:]

Will there ever be peace? Shit, fuck peace!  
On the strength 'til my niggas get a piece, we can't have peace  
How the fuck we gon' live happy when we ain't got nothing?  
You motherfuckers are smilin', but I'm mean muggin'  
Why? 'Cause I gotta be thuggin'  
It seems drugs done turned this whole mothafuckin' hood out  
All us niggas actin' up, wild-ass motherfuckin' adolescents  
These niggas ain't even got no childhoods no more  
How the fuck can you have a childhood  
And you at the funeral every motherfuckin' weekend?  
Pssh, and you motherfuckers talkin' about peace?  
Nigga, it ain't no motherfuckin' peace  
You ain't seen the news motherfucker? You ain't heard? Lil' babies gettin' smoked, motherfuckers killin' they  
whole family  
Lil' kids gettin' thrown off buildings

Motherfuckers gettin' abused  
Peace? Nigga, is you out your fuckin' mind?  
Fuck peace! We can't never have peace 'til you motherfuckers clean up this mess you made  
'Til you fuckin' clean up the dirt you dropped  
'Til we get a piece, fuck peace! Westside

Thanks to dziga for adding these lyrics.

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Mama's Just A Little Girl"

(feat. Kimma Hill)

Young mothers (that's right)  
I feel ya (hey)  
I know how it is  
Mama's just a little girl (just a little girl)  
Don't nobody understand  
I feel ya

*[2Pac:]*

She was born a heavy set girl with pigtails and curls  
A heart full of gold, still it won't change the world  
Though she could never understand why  
Some underhanded plans witnessed a man die  
Was only fifteen, should have been a beauty queen, still  
See her cryin' by the caskets when her parents got killed  
Little girl don't cry, cuz even though they died  
You can best believe they're watchin' over thee from the sky  
Never asked for this misery, but look at what you're gettin'  
It's a blessin' in disguise when you find out you're pregnant  
No money, no home, and even though you're all alone  
You gots to do this on your own, so baby gone  
I wish you luck and if you need me, call  
Just come to me and let me feed you all  
I can understand the way it feels when you're fightin' the world  
Facin' all this drama when Mama's just a little girl

*[Kimma Hill:]*

Mama don't know why  
Mama's just a little girl  
Livin' if she is or not  
Time ain't on her side  
Cause Mama's just a little girl (Mama's just a little girl)  
She gotta hold her head up high

*[2Pac:]*

At sixteen  
What a beautiful thing, the very essence of a jet-black ebony queen  
And who could tell she'd get pregnant at an early age? (what?!)  
She didn't listen, had sex, watch her belly raise (hey)  
Got violated by someone she dated  
If this is fate, I'd hate to see the seeds she created, and so we waited  
Though it takes time to build a body and a mind  
She reclines nine months then finally it's time  
What do we find? Little growin' boy of mine  
With a tortured soul, addicted to a life of crime  
Had no time for the growin' stage  
He learned his values on the streets at an early age  
Watch for police, don't come home (why?)  
Cuz Mama's actin' crazy at the hospit-al  
'Bout to have another baby



Like a rose from the concrete, growin' within  
Blessed with twins how the hell can Mama raise three men?  
So we began, closest family, such insanity  
A happy home, from one act of inhumanity  
Plus Mama said the seed was corrupted  
Used to rub Her belly, beggin' us to breathe and she'd loved us  
Now, Mama, sits quiet, sippin' peppermint Schnapps  
Turned the house into a spot and made her watch for cops (hey)  
How could Mama bring a thug like me in this world?  
She ain't the cause of all the drama  
Cause Mama's just a little girl

*[Kimmera Hill:]*

Mama don't know why (stupid motherfuckers don't know)  
Mama's just a little girl  
Livin' if she is or not  
Time ain't on her side  
Cause Mama's just a little girl (Mama's just a little girl)  
She gotta hold her head up high  
(How could she raise us)

*[2Pac:]*

Now, will she remain in the same spot?  
The gunshots rang, they came from the 'caine spot  
Now, look here, I see her clutchin' her son in her arms, she's hurt  
Her heart bleeds, now she watched her seed die in the dirt  
Fulfilled prophecy  
But who could stop the grief I walk around, tryin' to hold the world, up on top of me  
I'd probably be an innocent man, still I'm the victim of a curse  
What could be worse? Nothing but pain, since my birth  
Only functions at the Pen', cuz everybody's in  
Payin' back society, I'm guilty of a life of sin  
I watch the drama occur, my eyes blur before I jetted  
I wonder why we all have to die 'fore we get it  
Though we shed tears, so many peers I've done buried  
Worried and scared, knowin' I'ma see the cemetery  
Must be prepared, in this cold world, no one cares  
No! It ain't fair, but we all bear and do our share  
In this land of the underhanded schemes and plans  
Vivid dreams of a nigga havin' G's in hand  
Mama told me not to be a punk  
Fuck what you talkin' about, coward, what you niggas want? (hey)  
There ain't a thing I wouldn't do for my Mama in this world  
Cause you know I ain't mad at cha, you're just a little girl (Heyheyy)  
Hell naw, (that's right) see mama's just a little girl (Mama's just a little girl)

*[Kimmera Hill:]*

Mama don't know why  
Mama's just a little girl (Mama's just a little girl)  
Livin' if she is or not  
(y'all ain't facin' all this drama cause mama just a little girl)  
Time ain't on her side  
Cause Mama's just a little girl (Mama's just a little girl)  
She gotta hold her head up high

*[2Pac:]*

They ask us why we mutilate each other like we do  
And wonder why we hold such little worth for human life (Facin' all this drama, when mama's just a little girl)  
To ask us why we turn from bad to worse, is to ignore from which we came (Mama's just a little girl)  
You see, you wouldn't ask why the rose that grew from the concrete had  
    Damaged petals  
On the contrary, we would all celebrate its tenacity  
    We would all love its will to reach the sun  
    Well, we are the roses (we are the roses)  
    This is the concrete (this is the concrete)  
And these are my damaged petals (these are my damaged petals)  
    Don't ask me why (don't ask why)  
    Thank God, nigga (thank god)  
    Ask me how (Ahahaha)  
    You see, mama's just a little girl  
    Mama (hey)...  
    Mama...

Thanks to dziga for adding these lyrics.

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Street Fame"

Turn it up in my head phones, please  
Comin' to a ghetto near you, street fame  
More, ha ha, comin' to a ghetto near you

I wasn't mad until these tricks shot me  
It's time I sanitize my posse  
Look how paranoid these niggas got me  
Cellular calls are being traced since surveillance silently  
Mama, chill, thug livin' pay the bills, I'm dyin' violently  
Closed caskets, expose bastards, I leave 'em bloody  
Delores Tucker, don't let your kids  
Hear a nigga speak on gettin' money  
Ain't nothin' funny, green got a nigga seein' things  
Why? Hit the lye, hope to God I can fly  
Lethal weapon, I'm a savage; still a method to my madness  
Blast niggas, laugh, call 'em care cabbage  
Read 'em and weep, put 'em to sleep, they hell bound  
Lyrics will leave 'em spell bound  
Clown, now tired of being held down  
Cross my heart, hope to die, blind with some pussy  
Millionaire, livin' care free, sucka free, playa haters miss me  
Hope in hard times never catch me slippin'  
Fuck authorities! They wonder why minorities be trippin'  
We ain't havin' it, time to tear this shit back  
Ghetto children kick back  
Once I hit the MAC, niggas'll never get they shit back  
Spit it so eloquently, my pistols represent me  
Bust until my rounds empty; back for the street fame

One love to my true thugs  
Comin' to a ghetto near you, street fame  
Bust! Comin' to a ghetto near you, street fame  
All out warfare, eye for an eye  
Bustin' on my enemies, bad boy killin'  
Straight dissin' you  
Fuck Lil' Kim, you nasty bitch!

Temperatures rises, niggas blinded by my lyrical disguise  
No time to plot retreats, niggas shiver and die  
Multiple rounds found laced in his body and face  
Wrapped in plastic, the acid erased all traces  
Criminal tactics, the rap game became so drastic  
Military mind, mash all the hoes, get blasted  
If we bleed then they suffocate, chokin' in terror  
So we strive seein' our lives be reflected in mirrors  
The prophecy is clear, niggas lock and load, disappear  
Strategize with no fear, wagin' war for years  
The crack game wasn't big enough, ready to rush  
Bitch made motherfuckers get murdered and touched  
I go to jail niggas screamin' free me, speakin' freely

Conversatin' with my comrades kickin' Swahili  
Indeed they should fear my first seed  
It gets worse, planned a curse to be a G, on the first to breathe  
Currency in stacks, artillery in the back  
Strapped, armies, we camouflaged in all black  
When we attack, holla out my set, nigga  
Tighten your jaw, givin' birth to Outlawz, street fame

Bust, nigga bust!  
Comin' to a ghetto near you, street fame  
Only Makaveli the Don  
Can put it down like this; ain't none like me  
Comin' to a ghetto near you, with street fame

Positive identification, got me rushed to the station  
Stuck in this line up, tryin' hard to hide my face  
They placed the name but can't recall description  
I ain't did shit, officer, that bitch trippin'  
Promise retaliation, their plan busted, no man to be trusted  
Everything corrupted once man touch it  
Kamikaze, hopin' that none of the spies find me  
That's why we bye bye daily, knowin' cops trail me  
But why cry? Floatin' while we tokin' on this potent branch  
Flossin' in the thug stance, pistol tucked inside my pants  
Never underestimate me, playa hate me, see me and hide  
Sure as hollow-points shatter, enemies die  
Spread love, dead thugs gettin' buried in riches  
Take a chance to advance; fuck them worryin' bitches!  
Penitentiary's a possibility, bust and pray  
Wear a rubber so I live to fuck another day, hey!  
Ain't nothin' strange, I'm 25, dyin' to change  
But still I bang wantin' street fame

That's the end of that  
Thugged out, Makaveli the Don  
Representin' the Outlawz, street fame  
One love to my true niggas  
Comin' to a ghetto near you street fame  
Makaveli the Don, Killuminati  
Comin' to a ghetto near you, street fame

Yo, check this out, I'ma tell you like this  
If the lifestyle that you livin'  
Got you taking more fuckin' shorts than gettin' props  
Then that lifestyle need to stop  
Best to recognize some Outlaw shit  
'Cause only in this Outlaw lifestyle can you truly come to  
To see what this life's supposed to be like  
Nigga, you'll start to see riches  
Fine bitches and hittin' switches  
Shit, to me that shit sound delicious; street fame



# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Whatcha Gonna Do?"

(feat. Kastro, Young Noble)

Hell yeah [*\*2Pac yawning\**]

Hahaha

[*2Pac:*]

And uh, I started out dumb, sprung off a hood-rats  
Listenin' to the radio, wishin' that I could rap  
But nothing changed, I was stuck in the game  
'Cause everybody in the industry was fuckin' me, mayne  
Listen, I got a scheme, break away, do my own thang  
Drop some conversation, sit back and let the phone ring  
Niggas ain't wanna see me rise  
97 watch me cut these motherfuckers down to size  
And if I catch another case, Lord knows how they hate me  
Got a player in the court room, please don't let 'em frame me  
I've been dealt a lot of bad cards livin' as a thug  
Count my blessings and throw my stressings in this land with no love  
Maybe they seen me rollin', look at all this green I'm holdin'  
I get this why they envious and get they eyes swollen  
Hopin' the heavenly father love a hustler  
Meet the hardest nigga on the Earth to ever bust a nut  
My homies tell me, "Have a heart" — fuck they feelings  
I've been tryin' to make a million since we started, we cold hearted  
Niggas in masks that'll blast at the task force  
Empty out my clip, time to mash, they asked for it  
Me, Makaveli, I'm a motherfucker  
We break bread, now we thug brothers, haha  
Niggas talk a lot of non-shit I choose to ignore it  
A war? They ain't ready for it haha

[*2Pac (Young Noble):*]

Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you  
(What y'all gonna do?)  
Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you  
(What y'all gonna do?)  
Tell me now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you  
(What y'all gonna do?)  
Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you  
(What y'all gonna do?)

[*Kastro (Young Noble):*]

My nine is Thug lord, my mind on my grind  
Outlawz is my heart, they shine when I shine  
(My rhyme is my grind, my team be on role)  
(Proceed with the onslaught, indeed they all talk)  
(They all marks and it's an Outlaw holocaust)  
When I got the sawed-off. (Niggas gettin' hauled off)  
Yeah, nigga beware, stand clear  
This nigga's scared, man, I don't really care  
I've been lost love, my heart need a hug

My bite need blood, I fight with a grudge  
The life of a thug nigga might need gloves  
But you'll never know with a price on your mug  
Them fight strips snug right around your hands  
Makin' sure you can never grab the mic again  
Dog, you fuckin' with a grown man  
Can't I can't afford to lose  
Where we from niggas torture dudes  
So whatcha wan' do?

*[2Pac (Young Noble):]*

Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you  
(What y'all gonna do?)  
Tell me now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you  
(What y'all gonna do?)  
Tell me now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you  
(What y'all gonna do?)  
Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you

*[2Pac:]*

Haha, watch me clown, give me lovin' when I'm high  
I'm a outlaw baby, I'll be thuggin' 'til I die  
In my drop-top, double-R, life as a rap star  
Hustle like a crack fiend 'til they catch me  
Go ask somebody to your show  
Watching niggas out of sight, in my night scope  
Cookin' white dope, got my nigga 25-to-life stressed out  
Tryin' to have all the better things in life  
While Makaveli — a born leader, 10 millimeter  
Change a nigga's future like a schizophrenic palm reader  
Heed, from out the Bible I read  
See the meek shall inherit the Earth and the strong will lead  
Hittin' weed like it's alright  
I'm in the studio makin' music all night  
My enemies cry whenever I rise, they hated 'til the death  
Tryin' to beat me out my last breath  
What cha gonna do?

*[2Pac (Young Noble):]*

Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you, now nigga now  
(What y'all gonna do?)  
Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you, throw you hands up  
(What y'all gonna do?)  
Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you, would you wanna fuck?  
(What y'all gonna do?)  
Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you, bust 'em, when my niggas come for you  
Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you, come for you  
(What y'all gonna do?)  
Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you  
(What y'all gonna do?)

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Fair Xchange"

(feat. Jazze Pha)

*[Jazze Pha (2Pac):]*

Ladies and gentlemen! And gentlemen

This, is a Jazze Phizzle produc-shizzle

Jazze Pha, Jazze Pha

My nizzle!

My nizzle. Ha!

Outlawz! Outlawz. 2Pac, Makaveli!

(Still breathin') Yeah, woo - wooo-WHEEE!

A picture of perfection, the object of a nigga affection

Partners in passionate sex, a place to put my erection

Fantasies of you in submission, freaky positions

Pushin', pullin' and twistin' I'm on a mission got me on the mash

Tried to dig, you was screamin' when I did

Steady yellin' out spots for me to hit, and "aw shit"

Soon as I seen her saw us playin' hide the weiner

Wanna "Freak Like Me", fuck Adina

Up and down is the object, side to side

Make you holla out my name when a thug nigga ride, "Can I cum inside?"

Say you don't feel it that's a lie

You just scared to get this penitentiary dick

The trot caught your eye when I walked by

I said, "Hi."

But you was so shy, I can't lie, damn near stuttered when you walked by

You want me to lick it and even worse

Got your heart set on me goin' first, and that ain't no fair exchange

*[Jazze Pha:]*

You do me

And if it's worth it baby, I'll return the favor

And give it back to you (give it to you, give it to you)

A fair exchange, on everythang

And Let me tell you that's the way it's gotta be

Open your eyes baby, recognize a player

Give it up to me (give it to me give it to me)

A fair exchange, you know the game

We can do the damn thang, thang, thang

Open your legs

Got me marchin' like it's a million, you tremble from the feelin'

Look up, cause I got mirrors on the ceiling

And if you willin', then we can ride until the sun shine

And just for fun, I betchu I can make you cum 61 times

Close your eyes, let me heat it up

Cause when we fuck I refuse to bust a nut until I beat it up

Drop the top, time to fuck while the wind blow

Baby throw yo' legs out the window

Remember on the balcony, bend over baby bounce on me

And let me hit it where it counts and flee



Remember me? "I Get Around," and I'm haunted by my "Temptations"  
Sexual participation, my motivation  
Even though I like the way you work it  
You don't deserve it cause you walk around actin' like you perfect  
Took a while but I finally got it, and like a boss player  
Bitch you ain't doin' me no favors, fair exchange

*[Jazze Pha:]*

You do me  
And if it's worth it baby, I'll return the favor  
And give it back to you (give it to you, give it to you)  
A fair exchange, on everythang  
And Let me tell you that's the way it's gotta be  
Open your eyes baby, recognize a player  
Give it up to me (give it to me, give it to me)  
A fair exchange, you know the game  
We can do the damn thang, thang, thang

Now yo' attitude ain't realistic  
Yeah it's true I'm gettin' pussy, but baby you gettin' dick!  
And since you bein' laced with the penetration  
It's only right to show a form of appreciation  
Instead of fakin' like you can't hear the bed shakin'  
In bed naked you so twisted think yo' legs breakin'  
You said "take it" so I'm blind in my passion, how long will I last?  
Doggy style steady pumpin' on that ass, until I blast  
And then I laugh as we lay back  
See I wait 'til you asleep and that's the payback  
Cause you actin' like you did somethin', givin' me a piece  
I had you mufflin' your screams in the sheets, fuckin' with me  
A true digger that love triggers, a thug nigga  
Hustlin' bitches like drug dealers  
Before I say goodbye, put an end to all the games  
Here's my number for another fair exchange

*[Jazze Pha:]*

You do me  
And if it's worth it baby, I'll return the favor  
And give it back to you (give it to you, give it to you)  
A fair exchange, on everythang  
And let me tell you that's the way it's gotta be  
Open your eyes baby, recognize a player  
Give it up to me (give it to me, give it to me)  
A fair exchange, you know the game  
We can do the damn

You do me  
And if it's worth it baby, I'll return the favor  
And give it back to you (give it to you, give it to you)  
A fair exchange, on everythang  
And let me tell you that's the way it's gotta be  
Open your eyes baby, recognize a player  
Give it up to me (give it to me, give it to me)  
A fair exchange, you know the game  
We can do the damn thang, thang, thang



# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Late Night"

(feat. DJ Quik, Outlawz)

*[DJ Quik:]*

Hey 'Pac, it's yo' boy  
Hey man so far I've been listenin' to your album  
And I ain't heard nuttin you could kick back and smoke a beadie to  
You know?

Yeah like that  
Some of that mellow shit  
Some of that shit that make bitches drink  
Make niggas think  
And help you check a fat-ass bank, hahah  
So why don't you kick some of that shit, nigga only you know how  
Hahahah, feel me?

*[2Pac:]*

I'm barely standin', and plus my secondhand say it's midnight  
Some Alize and Cristal guaranteed to get right  
Like misdemeanors is a small thang  
With DJ Quik in this bitch, I let my balls hang  
Runnin' through the street lights, cause we like  
Yo' nigga get your mob on show 'em what a G like  
Around the corner it's like Vegas, or better yet like Reno  
Niggas poppin', welcome to our casino, cause you and me know  
Hundred percent like a c-note  
Lookin' for a bitch that's half-black and Filipino  
And when I meet her I'ma offer her some indo  
Tongue-kissin' on the window of a pearl white limo  
Don't wanna be your man, I'm your nigga  
Touch me here, I'll get bigger  
While I'm diggin' I'll get deep into your liver  
I'm game type  
Love fuckin' bitches in the same night  
My words are aphrodisiacs if you say 'em right  
The club be poppin' so I'm stoppin' at the Fat Burger  
Look through the paper it's another black crack murder  
The city's full of surprises, you can live or you can die  
You can fuck on the first night, or try  
In the late night

*[Samples (2Pac):]*

"Last night.. last night changed it all"  
(In the late night!)  
"Last night.."  
"I don't give a fuck, where you gon' be. Be home by eleven!"  
(In the late night!)  
"Last night.. last night changed it all"  
(In the late night!)  
"Last night.."  
"I don't give a fuck, where you gon' be. Be home by eleven!"

(In the late night!)

*[Hussein Fatal:]*

Around my way we lamp, many styles get cramped  
I clock rocks in the rain 'til my socks is damp  
Ain't nuttin like bein' a thug when I can just  
Sit on the Row of Death straight knowin' that I'm blessed  
Hussein Fatal, flawless fatality  
Overdosin' on crime, three steps from reality  
Get up to get down, represent your town, last night  
Was poppin' like like cocked Glocks with hollow-tip rounds

*[Kadafi:]*

From booty-calls to bail sheets  
It ain't no tellin' if I wake up in the county in my jail sheets  
My intuitions and ambitions up in the late night  
Probably involves me comin' up with just to see another day  
Might  
Be me who bites the bullet  
In these streets where a man journey  
With crooked cops and a society who tryin' to burn me  
I'm like a pit in a cage, spittin' my shells in a gauge  
Deadly as AIDS, niggas gettin' crossed like a maze  
Now picture me livin' my life like a king, maybe one day  
Until then I'm livin' Monday through Sunday  
Bringin' the gun play for all these beefs and battles  
When we collide, I'ma ride on that hide like cattle, cowards best to skedaddle  
In the late night

"Last night.. last night changed it all"

"Last night.."

"I don't give a fuck, where you gon' be. Be home by eleven!"

"Last night.. last night changed it all"

"Last night.."

"I don't give a fuck, where you gon' be. Be home by eleven!"

*[2Pac:]*

Money and multiple gunshots are shown, large amps are blown  
Niggas in low-lows, pursuin' mo' hoes, then go home  
The life of a California star, and when you see me  
In the drop-top Jag', how many niggas wanna be me?  
Game is automatic, mandatory I sell  
To Live or Die, I survive, but with a story to tell  
Cause when you gettin' some riches, watch for dumb bitches  
They have you labeled a rapist before you get to tongue-kissin'  
It's a mean world nigga you strapped, must be a throwaway  
Will I survive the late night, to see dawn of day?  
Nobody knows me, I'm a shadow  
My army fatigues made for battle, pockets full of ammo  
Cause when I'm out in the streets, I'm on point, where the static?  
Too many done died from semis, so now we automatic  
I disappear whenever heated, ride whenever needed  
For my niggas up in Clinton gettin' weeded  
Continue to roll until I'm old, ride until I die  
Supply long as you motherfuckers buy  
My homies rolled by in a bucket, but they ain't short and duckin'

Slappin' niggas known for tellin' bitches fuck-it  
In the late night

*[Samples (2Pac):]*

"Last night.. last night changed it all"  
(It's in the late night!)

"Last night.."

"I don't give a fuck, where you gon' be. Be home by eleven!"  
(In the late night!)

"Last night.. last night changed it all"  
(Holla at me in the late night!)

"Last night.."

"I don't give a fuck, where you gon' be. Be home by eleven!"

Writer(s): Joseph Bernard Wheeler, Washington, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Yafeu A. Fula, Larry Mizell, Bruce

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Ghetto Star"

(feat. Nutt-So)

[2Pac:]

Haha

For all my niggas in the hood (yeah!)  
Livin' the life of a ghetto star  
(you know) You know how we do it hahaha  
Makaveli

[2Pac:]

Just holla my name and witness game official  
Niggas is so ashamed they stand stiff like scared bitches  
While I remain inside a paradox called my block  
Though gunshots is promised to me, when will I stop?  
I hit the weed and hope to God I can fly high  
Witness my enemies die when I ride by, they shouldn't have tried  
I send they bodies to they parents up North  
With they faces, they wrists, and they nuts cut off  
Fuck 'em all what I scream as I dream in tongues  
Fuck a trick, get me rich and the bitches'll come  
Bust my gun, make 'em all scatter  
Bullets to my nuts only made my balls fatter  
Eat a dick, biyotch mercy, never that, you say you comin' back?  
Bring it on, forever strapped  
Introduce you to the pleasure and the pain, you can go so far  
Just sell me your soul, and live the life (of a ghetto star)

[Nutt-So:]

I live the life of a thug nigga, drug dealer livin' game tight  
Mug niggas, slug niggas for the fame life  
Laced with game, practice on takin' pain  
Quick to slang, and let it rain through yo' brain  
Street smart, proficient, intelligent  
And keep suckers hittin' 'til snitches start smellin' it  
Movin' niggas with telekinesis  
Keepin' Channel 7 at work, filmin' different features  
Leadin' niggas to an early death with they head blown  
And to those who didn't make it to the morgue was just dead and gone  
And hope niggas got punished  
Kidnapped, jacked in the back with MAC's to they neck, rappers waiting to get done in  
Back[?] - we tossed his ass out  
M.O.B. related, one mo' nigga found shot up with his dick in his mouth  
Printed my name in these streets as a motherfuckin' G  
Now the next generation's lookin' at me through [?]

[2Pac:]

Walkin' through the cemetery, talkin' to my homies that was buried  
See my enemies wanna see me dead, I ain't worried, forgive me  
Please give me shelter, calm my fears  
Lifted my head, from my hands, had a palm of tears  
I see bodies gettin' splashed, with acid

2 shots rang from the plastic Glock, wrapped in plastic  
Buried the bastard, time to notify  
His family, sheeit, ain't nothing left to be identified  
Evacuate the crime scene fast  
Why, I heard the Feds had a warrant for my ass  
Why, I won't touch down 'til I see Tijuana  
Set up shop selling them crooked cops marijuana  
Label me a success, I made the switch  
Retired from the life that never gave me shit  
Put cash that I couldn't spend, countless cars  
An addict for a wife, my life, as a ghetto star

*[Nutt-So:]*

Got the word that some nerds wanna plot on this  
Hit the curve, let it swerve, had to stop they grip  
No remorse, no repentance as I buck one down  
Straight to the morgue cause I plan on, shuttin' shit down  
Born soldier, fucked 'em up with a MAC-fo'  
Torn ligaments, all up in that nigga shoulder  
And a vest couldn't protect that flesh  
Cause I got, slugs, to knock the air out your chest  
Death, apparently they wasn't sucka free  
Cause I had all them wannabe thug niggas in protective custody  
I guess they heard that I got them birds  
Thought I was a nerd 'til I bucked one of them to the curb  
Luxury livin' lavish, with dreams of dyin' rich  
With a team and clientele on my mothafuckin' dick  
And gettin' down on these snitch bitches, protectin' riches  
By givin' stitches, the life as a ghetto star

*[2Pac:]*

When I grow up I wanna be like them  
My life as a ghetto star  
When I grow up I wanna be like them  
My life as a ghetto star  
When I grow up I wanna be like them  
Live my life as a ghetto star  
When I grow up I wanna be like them  
And live my life as a ghetto star  
When I grow up I wanna be like them  
Live my life as a ghetto star  
When I grow up I wanna be like them  
And live my life as a ghetto star

*[2Pac w/ Nutt-So talking in background:]*

This goes out to all you motherfuckers (to all you motherfuckers)  
That STILL, have to kill to make that money (still, I'll be puttin' down)  
All you niggas on the block, sellin' rocks  
Hand to hand, runnin' from the police (sellin' motherfuckin' dopes)  
(smokin' weed)  
I see you  
Live your life as a ghetto star  
(look at these tramp ass hoes) Talk to the hood  
Claimin' gettin' riches  
(spank bitches ain't new)  
Runnin' from new playa haters (any fake ass niggas)

Live my life as a ghetto star  
(this is still 70 south)  
Niggas with two strikes that don't wanna see the third (nah), I feel you  
It's the Don Makaveli - live my life as a ghetto star

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Cole Sean, Banks Gregory



# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Thugz Mansion"

(feat. Anthony Hamilton)

*[2Pac:]*

Shit, tired of gettin' shot at  
Tired of gettin' chased by the police and arrested  
Niggas need a spot where we can kick it  
A spot where WE belong, that's just for us  
Niggas ain't gotta get all dressed up and be Hollywood  
Y'knahmean? Where do niggas go when we die?  
Ain't no heaven for a thug nigga  
That's why we go to thug mansion  
That's the only place where thugs get in free  
And you gotta be a G, at thug mansion

*[2Pac:]*

A place to spend my quiet nights, time to unwind  
So much pressure in this life of mine  
I cry at times, I once contemplated suicide  
And would've tried, but when I held that 9  
All I could see was my mama's eyes  
No one knows my struggle, they only see the trouble  
Not knowin' it's hard to carry on when no one loves you  
Picture me inside the misery of poverty  
No man alive has ever witnessed struggles I survived  
Prayin' hard for better days, promise to hold on  
Me and my dawgs ain't have a choice but to roll on  
We found a finally spot to kick it  
Where we can drink liquor and no one bickers over trick shit  
A spot where we can smoke in peace  
And even though we G's  
We still visualize places that we can roll in peace  
And in my mind's eye I see this place  
The players go and pass it  
I got a spot for us all, so we can ball, at thug's mansion

*[Anthony Hamilton:]*

Ain't no place I'd rather be  
Chillin' with homies and family  
Sky high, iced out, paradise in the sky  
Ain't no place I'd rather be  
Only place that's right for me  
Chromed-out, mansion in paradise, in the sky

*[2Pac:]*

Will I survive all the fights and the darkness?  
Trouble sparks, they tell me, "Home is where the heart is."  
Dear departed, I shed tattooed tears  
And couldn't sleep good for multiple years  
Witness peers catch gunshots; nobody cares  
Seen the politicians ban us  
They'd rather see us locked in chains

Please explain why they can't stand us  
Is there a way for me to change?  
Or am I just a victim of things I did to maintain?  
I need a place to rest my head  
With the little bit of homeboys that remains  
'Cause all the rest dead  
Is there a spot for us to roll? If you find it  
I'll be right behind ya, show me and I'll go  
How can I be peaceful? I'm comin' from the bottom  
Watch my daddy scream, "Peace!"  
While the other man shot him  
I need a house that's full of love, when I need to escape  
The deadly places slingin' drugs, in thug's mansion

*[Anthony Hamilton:]*

Ain't no place I'd rather be  
Chillin' with homies and family  
Sky high, iced out, paradise in the sky  
Ain't no place I'd rather be  
Only place that's right for me  
Chromed-out, mansion in paradise, in the sky

*[2Pac:]*

Dear Mama, don't cry, your baby boy's doin' good  
Tell the homies I'm in heaven and they ain't got hoods  
Seen a show with Marvin Gaye last night, it had me shook  
Drinkin' peppermint Schnapps  
With Jackie Wilson, and Sam Cooke  
Then some lady named Billie Holiday sang  
Sittin' there kickin' it with Malcolm, 'til the day came  
Little Latasha sho' grown; tell the lady in the liquor store  
That she's forgiven, so come home  
Maybe in time you'll understand only God can save us  
When Miles Davis cuttin' lose with the band  
Just think of all the people that you knew in the past  
that passed on, they in heaven, found peace at last  
Picture a place that they exist, together  
There has to be a place better than this, in heaven  
So right before I sleep, dear God, what I'm askin'  
Remember this face, save me a place in thug's mansion

*[Anthony Hamilton (2Pac):]*

Ain't no place I'd rather be  
Chillin' with homies and family  
Sky high, iced out, paradise in the sky (in thugs mansion)  
Ain't no place I'd rather be  
Only place that's right for me  
Chromed-out, mansion in paradise, in the sky (thugs mansion)  
Ain't no place I'd rather be  
Chillin' with homies and family  
Sky high, iced out, paradise, in the sky (in thugs mansion)  
Ain't no place I'd rather be  
Only place that's right for me  
Chromed-out, mansion in paradise, in the sky

Thanks to jhatrick, matt7562 for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Aurelius Seven Marcus, Hamilton Anthony Cornelius, Jackson Johnny Lee

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "My Block (Remix)"

Damn, take a ride to my block  
My block, that's right! Hehe  
'Round my motherfuckin' way

They got a nigga sheddin' tears, reminiscin' on my past fears  
'Cause shit was hectic for me last year  
It appears that I've been marked for death, my heartless breast  
The underlying cause of my arrest, my life is stressed  
And no rest, forever weary; my eyes stay teary  
For all the brothers that are buried in the cemetery  
Shit is scary, how black-on-black crime legendary  
But at times unnecessary, I'm getting worried  
Teardrops and closed caskets, the three strikes law is drastic  
And certain death for us ghetto bastards  
What can we do when we're arrested but open fire?  
Life in the pen ain't for me, 'cause I'd rather die  
But don't cry through your despair  
I wonder if the Lord still cares for us niggas on welfare  
And who cares if we survive? The only time they notice a nigga is when he's clutchin' on a four-five  
My neighborhood ain't the same, 'cause all these little babies going crazy and they suffering in the game  
And I swear it's like a trap  
But I ain't given up on the hood, it's all good when I go back  
Hoes show me love, niggas give me props  
Forever hop, 'cause it don't stop – on my block

Living life is but a dream  
Hard times is all we seen (on my block)  
Every block is kind to me  
But on the block we still pray  
But on the block we still pray

Now shit's constantly hot on my block  
It never fails to be gunshots  
Can't explain a mother's pain when her son drops  
Black males living in Hell; when will we prevail?  
Fearing jail, but crack sales got me living well  
And in a sense I'm suicidal with this Thug's Life  
Staying strapped, forever trapped in this drug life  
God, help me, 'cause I'm starving, can't get a job  
So I resort to violent robberies, my life is hard  
Can't sleep, 'cause all the dirt make my heart hurt  
Put in work and shed tears for my dead peers  
Mislead from childhood where I went astray  
'Til this day I still pray for a better way  
Can't help but feel hopeless and heartbroke  
From the start I felt the racism 'cause I'm dark  
Couldn't quit, the bullshit make me represent  
Hit the bar and played the star everywhere I went  
In my heart I felt alone, out here on my own  
I close my eyes and picture home – on my block

Living life is but a dream  
Hard times is all we seen (on my block)  
Every block is kind to me  
But on the block we still pray  
But on the block we still pray

And I can't help but wonder why so many young kids had to die; caught strays from AK's in a drive-by

Swollen pride and homicide don't coincide  
Brothers cry for broken lives; Mama, come inside!  
'Cause our block is filled with danger  
Used to be a close knit community  
But now we're all cold strangers  
Time changes us to stone, them crack pipes  
All up and down the block, exterminating black life  
But I can't blame the dealers; my mama's welfare check has brought the next man chrome wheels  
Shit's real, I know you feel my tragedy  
A single mother with a problem child, daddy free  
Hanging out, picking up game, sippin' cheap liquor  
Gaming the hoochies, hoping I can get to sleep with her  
It's a man's world, staying strapped  
Fantasies of a nigga living phat but held back  
Pipe dreams can make the night seem hopeless  
Wide eyed and losing focus – on my block

Living life is but a dream  
Hard times is all we seen (on my block)  
Every block is kind to me  
But on the block we still pray  
But on the block we still pray

And block parties in the projects lasting way past daylight  
A young nigga learned to break, right?  
Used to play fight with my homies, but they stuck in the pen  
I send them ends, but it's tough on a friend  
In my mind I see the same motherfuckers ballin'  
Alcohol will make a lazy nigga slip and fall, miss his call  
I know the young niggas understand this  
Growing up in this world where everything is scandalous  
I reminisce on the fast times, past crimes  
Tryin' to cop a slice of pizza with my last dime  
Can't explain, just what attracts me to this dirty game  
Gold chains, some extra change, and the street fame  
And what's strange is everybody know my name  
Swear they all know me, and lots of cash make a nigga change  
I hit the green just to maintain, feeling pain  
For all the niggas that I lost to the game – from my block

Living life is but a dream  
Hard times is all we seen (on my block)  
Every block is kind to me  
But on the block we still pray  
But on the block we still pray

Rest in peace to all the motherfuckers that passed away  
From all the blocks that I'm from

112 street, 7th Avenue, New York, Uptown, knahmsayin'?  
183rd and Walt, my block – that's right  
122nd and Morningside, my block – that's right  
Decatur Avenue, Baltimore, my block – that's right  
And the Jungle, Marin City, that's my block – that's right  
Los Angeles, haha – that's my block too  
Oakland, can't forget Oaktown – that's my block for sure  
And all the other blocks around this motherfucker  
Houston, Florida, St. Louis, Tennessee, Miami, Chicago  
All y'all niggas stay kickin' up dust  
Represent the motherfuckin' block

Thanks to vict0rcheung, speedy1382007, theblazedromeo, tanweer\_khan for correcting these lyrics.

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Thugz Mansion (Nas Acoustic)"

(feat. J. Phoenix, Nas)

Shit, tired of getting shot at  
Tired of getting chased by the police and arrested  
Niggaz need a spot where WE can kick it  
A spot where WE belong, that's just for us  
Niggaz ain't gotta get all dressed up and be Hollywood  
Y'knahmean? Where do niggaz go when we die?  
Ain't no heaven for a thug nigga  
That's why we go to thug mansion  
That's the only place where thugs get in free and you gotta be a G  
... at thug mansion

[2Pac:]

A place to spend my quiet nights, time to unwind  
So much pressure in this life of mine, I cry at times  
I once contemplated suicide, and woulda tried  
But when I held that 9, all I could see was my momma's eyes  
No one knows my struggle, they only see the trouble  
Not knowing it's hard to carry on when no one loves you  
Picture me inside the misery of poverty  
No man alive has ever witnessed struggles I survived  
Praying hard for better days, promise to hold on  
Me and my dawgs ain't have a choice but to roll on  
We found a family spot to kick it  
Where we can drink liquor and no one bickers over trick shit  
A spot where we can smoke in peace, and even though we G's  
We still visualize places, that we can roll in peace  
And in my mind's eye I see this place, the players go in fast  
I got a spot for us all, so we can ball, at thug's mansion

[J. Phoenix (Nas):]

Every corner, every city  
There's a place where life's a little easy  
Little Hennessy, laid back and cool  
Every hour, cause it's all good  
Leave all the stress from the world outside  
Every wrong done will be alright (I wanna go)  
Nothing but peace (I wanna go) love (I wanna go nigga)  
And street passion, every ghetto needs a thug mansion

[Nas:]

A place where death doesn't reside, just thugs who collide  
Not to start beef but spark trees, no cops rolling by  
No policemen, no homicide, no chalk on the streets  
No reason, for nobody's momma to cry  
See I'm a good guy, I'm trying to stick around for my daughter  
But if I should die, I know all of my albums support her  
This whole year's been crazy, asked the Holy Spirit to save me  
Only difference from me and Ossie Davis, gray hair maybe  
Cause I feel like my eyes saw too much suffering

I'm just twenty-some-odd years, I done lost my mother  
And I cried tears of joy, I know she smiles on her boy  
I dream of you more, my love goes to Afeni Shakur  
Cause like Ann Jones, she raised a ghetto king in a war  
And just for that alone she shouldn't feel no pain no more  
Cause one day we'll all be together, sipping heavenly champagne  
where angels soar, with golden wings in thug's mansion

*[J. Phoenix:]*

Every corner, every city  
There's a place where life's a little easy  
Little Hennessy, laid back and cool  
Every hour, cause it's all good  
Leave all the stress from the world outside  
Every wrong done will be alright (I wanna go)  
Nothing but peace (I wanna go) love (I wanna go nigga)  
And street passion, every ghetto needs a thug mansion

*[2Pac:]*

Dear momma don't cry, your baby boy's doing good  
Tell the homies I'm in heaven and they ain't got hoods  
Seen a show with Marvin Gaye last night, it had me shook  
Dripping peppermint Schnapps, with Jackie Wilson, and Sam Cooke  
Then some lady named Billie Holiday  
Sang sitting there kicking it with Malcolm, 'til the day came  
Little LaTasha sho' grown  
Tell the lady in the liquor store that she's forgiven, so come home  
Maybe in time you'll understand only God can save us  
When Miles Davis cutting lose with the band  
Just think of all the people that you knew in the past  
that passed on, they in heaven, found peace at last  
Picture a place that they exist, together  
There has to be a place better than this, in heaven  
So right before I sleep, dear God, what I'm asking  
Remember this face, save me a place, in thug's mansion

*[J. Phoenix (Nas):]*

Every corner, every city  
There's a place where life's a little easy  
Little Hennessy, laid back and cool  
Every hour, cause it's all good  
Leave all the stress from the world outside  
Every wrong done will be alright (I wanna go)  
Nothing but peace (I wanna go) love (I wanna go nigga)  
And street passion, every ghetto needs a thug mansion

Thanks to jwsmith, ookrizzyoo, chelsa\_salsa10 for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Aurelius Seven Marcus, Hamilton Anthony Cornelius, Jackson Johnny Lee



# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Never Call U Bitch Again"

(feat. Tyrese)

[2Pac:]

Whassup, boo? Swear I'll never call you bitch again  
You ain't fuck with me  
I swear I'll never call you bitch again  
(All I just wanna say is um, if I fuckin' apologized)  
I swear I'll never call you bitch again  
(I ain't mean to call you a bitch)  
I'll never call you bitch again

[2Pac:]

Damn – gave my homie 90 days for domestic violence  
I try to picture myself in this position but remain silent  
I get to thinkin' 'bout this shit we been through  
We close like kin, but you remain my friend too  
This life of sin, done got the both of us in trouble  
But you always stay down for a nigga, so that's why I love you  
Reminisclin' needin' tissues, fightin' over childish issues  
Swear I can't live with you  
But without you, every day I miss you  
When we roll you hold my pistol, my gangsta bitch-itch, you  
Always in the mood for love, that's why I'm sleepin' with you  
Though not the man of your dreams  
My plan and scheme's to be rich like a king  
And live my life trouble free, I see  
Yesterday I called you names and played games on your mind  
I promise that I'll change in time  
It's a complicated world so, girl, just be a friend  
I swear I'll never call you bitch again (and that's my word)

[Tyrese (2Pac):]

We came too far to throw it all away  
(I swear I'll never call you bitch again, believe me)  
We came way too far, pretty baby  
to throw it all away, throw it all away  
(I swear I'll never call you bitch again, hey)

[2Pac:]

I wake up early in the mornin', at the crack of dawn  
Nigga still tired so I'm yawnin', and now I'm gone  
Tryin' to get my money on strong  
So an early riser out before them other guys  
That's the way to profit every time  
Can't get too close my enemies, they see ghosts, they envy me  
Plus we been beefin' with the East Coast, with casualties  
Got stopped in traffic, had a warrant, so they gaffled me  
But while I'm gone, watch my business and my back for me  
My enemies think they got me crossed, they ain't knowin'  
Ain't no love for player haters where you cowards goin'  
You paid bail, got me out of jail, home again

I promise not to leave you on your own again  
Cristal corks are popped, romantic thoughts are dropped  
It's so frantic but don't panic, 'cause we crossed the top  
I found a partner and a rider, a woman and friend  
I swear I'll never call you bitch again, believe me

*[Tyrese (2Pac):]*

We came too far to throw it all away  
(I swear I'll never call you bitch again, believe me)  
We came way too far, pretty baby  
To throw it all away, throw it all away  
(I swear I'll never call you bitch again, believe me)

*[Pac:]*

I know, I know, all that is dead though  
I'm changed, I'm tellin' you  
I know what time it is, gotta give a nigga time  
To grow up, ya know what I'm sayin'?  
That was way back then

*[Tyrese:]*

You're my nigga, my best friend  
Never gonna call you a bitch again  
Yea yea yea, oh

*[2Pac:]*

Witness the evil men do, all this shit I been through  
Never meant to hurt you, can we make this work, boo?  
I know you been feelin' pain, things are not the same  
Waitin' to exhale while I'm sittin' in the county jail  
Keep your head up, 'cause things are gettin' better  
My cellmate shed tears off your last love letter  
Told him you would find a friend, so keep your eyes peeled  
Sorry if I cuss, but it's the sufferin' that I feel  
Who can I trust? And if I bust, will she snitch?  
Even though you ain't the type to trip, sorry if I called you bitch  
You showed me the definition of feminine  
The difference between a pack of bitches and black women  
Huh, I see the boss for the third time, hope to see you soon  
Pictures of us kissin' in the livin' room, in the nude  
Thanks for being there much more than a friend  
I swear I'll never call you bitch again; believe me!

*[Tyrese (2Pac):]*

We came too far, to throw it all away  
We came way too far, pretty baby  
(I swear I'll never call you bitch again, believe me)  
We came too far to throw it all away  
(I swear I'll never call you bitch again, believe me)  
We came way too far, pretty baby  
To throw it all away, throw it all away baby

*[Tyrese:]*

Through all my ups and downs  
You always stayed around stayed around

Writer(s): Johnny Shakur, Gibson Jackson

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Better Dayz"

(feat. Ronald Isley)

Lookin' for these better days  
Better days, hey, better days  
Got me thinkin' about better days  
Better days, better days, better days  
Hey, better days  
Got me thinkin' about better days

Time to question our lifestyle, look how we live  
Smokin' weed like it ain't no thing, so even kids  
Wanna try now, then lie down and get ran through  
Nobody watches 'em, clockin' the evil man do  
Faced with the demons  
Addicted to hearin' victims screamin'  
Guess we was evil since birth, product of cursed semens  
'Cause even our birthdays is cursed days  
A born thug in the first place, the worst ways  
I'd love to see the block in peace  
With no more dealers and crooked cops  
The only way to stop the beast  
And only we can change  
It's up to us to clean up the streets, it ain't the same  
Too many murders, too many funerals, and too many tears  
Just seen another brother buried  
Plus I knew him for years  
Passed by his family, but what could I say?  
Keep yo' head up and try to keep the faith  
And pray for better days

Better days, better days  
Hey, better days  
Got me thinkin' about better days  
Better days, better days, better days  
Hey, better days  
Got me thinkin' about better days

Thinkin' back as an adolescent, who would've guessed  
That in my future years I'd be stressin'?  
Some say the ghetto's sick and corrupted  
Plus my P.O. won't let me hang  
With the brothers I grew up with  
Tryin' to keep my head up and stay strong  
All my homies slangin' yayo all day long  
But they wrong, so I'm solo and so broke  
Savin' up for some Jordan's, 'cause they dope  
I got a girl and I love her, but she broke too  
And so am I; I can't take her to the places she wanna go to  
So, we argue and play fight, all day and night  
Makin' passionate love 'til the daylight  
Plus we about to get evicted, can't pay the rent

Guess it's time to see who really is your friend  
Tell me you pregnant and I'm amazed  
So many blessings while we stressin'  
Lookin' for them better days

Better days, better days  
Hey, better days  
Got me thinkin' about better days  
Better days, better days, better days  
Hey, better days  
Got me thinkin' about better days

Now, me and you was real cool, hell on them square fools  
Since back in high school, we was true, me and you  
Hardly parted or separated, we stayed faded  
Affiliated with gang-bangers and still made it  
Up in the gym, mess with me, gotta mess with him  
Still dressin' like grown men when rollin'  
Out in the dark, smokin' Newports, gamin' marks  
Got a place in my heart, homie, stay smart  
Locked you up in the pen, and gave you three to ten  
I send you letters with naked flicks of old friends  
Hopin' you well, I know it's hell  
Doin' time in the cells, you need mail when you in jail  
And me, I'm doin' cool  
I settled down, had a family, workin' a night school  
Every once in a while, I reminisce  
And I wonder how we ever came to this; I miss the better days

Better days, better days  
Hey, better days  
Got me thinkin' about better days  
Better days, better days, better days  
Hey, better days  
Got me thinkin' about better days

I send this one out to all the homeboys down in, uh  
Clinton lockdown, Rikers Island  
All them dudes I was, uh, locked up with, hehe  
E Block, F Block, lower H  
N-I-C in Rikers Island, downstate  
All the peoples I met along the way  
Better days is comin', homeboy, keep your head up!

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Isley Marvin, Isley O Kelly, Isley Ronald, Jasper Christopher H, Isley Ernest, Isley Rudolph Bernard,  
Jackson Johnny Lee, Himes Tyruss Gerald

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "U Can Call"

(feat. Jazze Pha)

*[2Pac:]*

Dear baby you the picture of perfection  
Straight from your million dollar smile  
To my attraction to your complexion  
No hesitation needed; you got me  
Inhalin' the aroma of your perfume, and feelin' heated  
I move closer to drop the lines of my introduction  
Hold out my hand, and grab yo' hand, now we touchin'  
My lyrics are poetry, so baby get a ticket to go with me  
Thugged out so you notice me  
It's a positive attraction; see pictures of us  
Layin' butt-naked on the beach kicking back relaxin'  
And only you can calm, the savage beast  
Look in my eyes are you surprised, that it's me?  
I wanna make you mine  
I'm kissin' on you tryin' to make it different every time (that's right)  
I'm so lonely in my bedroom, lookin' at the walls  
Withcha number in my hand, wonderin' should I even call her tonight

*[Jazze Pha (2Pac):]*

Anytime you like, baby you can call me  
Need a thug up in yo' life (call me thug)  
Never find nobody like me  
'Cause I know what you want (call me thug)  
And girl you know I got you  
You got what I need (call me thug)  
And shorty it's all on you  
Baby call on me

*[2Pac:]*

Been gettin' nuttin' but bad news, ever since the day you left me  
I sit and wonder is there a way, you could forget me  
Remember my phone calls, my late visits  
Us havin' breakfast in bed, then we straight kick it  
Me and you in satin sheets, 'til after two  
Come take a walk on the wild side, enjoy the view  
Whenever we collide; it's bound to be a pleasurable time  
Makin' love 'til the early light  
Sweetheart don't fight the feelin'  
Come get a shot of this plain dealin' and concentrate on the ceiling  
It's my intention to brush up  
Beware of the fireworks, 'cause every time we touch..  
...it's bound to be, so relax, clown with me  
As if you're down with me, get around and see  
The brother with tattoos and no fears  
Runnin' my fingers through your hair  
If you call me

*[Jazze Pha (2Pac):]*

Anytime you like, baby you can call me  
Need a thug up in yo' life (call me thug)  
Never find nobody like me  
'Cause I know what you want (call me thug)  
And girl you know I got you  
You got what I need (call me thug)  
And shorty it's all on you  
Baby call on me

*[2Pac:]*

Pardon me, but let's be specific  
Baby 'cause if you down with me, nigga we can kick it  
And let's take trips and ride airplanes  
A hundred thousand dollar car on dem gold thangs, so can you hang?  
'Cause we can be real tight (right)  
I got a big suite at the Hyatt, if it feel right  
My only wish is to be witcha  
You got me steady strivin' to getcha  
Fantasizin' of friendly pictures  
The pressure's gettin' major  
I wonder will you answer my call, if I page ya  
Got me goin' wild with anticipation  
Face to face with us locked up in strange places  
What will it take? 'cause the heartache be heatbreak  
Is my prediction when you falsify and start fake?  
In my position I'm a careful man, but a player when I ball  
Got my eyes on you baby, can I call?

*[Jazze Pha:]*

Anytime you like, baby you can call me  
Need a thug up in yo' life, never find nobody like me  
'Cause I know what you want, and girl you know I got you  
You got what I need, and shorty it's all on you  
Anytime you like, baby you can call me  
Need a thug up in yo' life, never find nobody like me  
'Cause I know what you want, and girl you know I got you  
You got what I need, and shorty it's all on you  
Baby call on me

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Military Minds"

(feat. Smif-n-Wessun, Buckshot)

[2Pac:]

Stand in formation, my motherfuckin' real troopers  
Let's do it like soldiers - all and together now!  
Ready? Hell yeah, y'all niggas better get ready  
No retreat, no surrender, death before dishonor motherfucker!  
Do it to 'em, c'mon never die thuggish, uh - YES YES YES  
Say what? (Eastside, Westside ride) Where ya at, where ya at?  
Where my real thugs, where ya at, where ya at?  
Where my real thugs, where ya at, where ya at?  
Where my real thugs, where ya at?!

Hehehe, send cases to the drug dealer  
Real thugs, where ya at? You motherfuckin' home  
Do it to 'em, do it to 'em  
They love the way we do it to 'em, we do it to 'em

[2Pac:]

Suppress the revolution of premeditated scheme  
Introduce a drug called crack to us ghetto teens  
Got a law for raw niggas, now, playa what it be like?  
When will niggas see they got us bleedin' with three strikes  
Can't seem to focus hopeless, with violent thoughts I wrote this  
Got these Devils petrified, hidin' from my hocus-pocus  
And so I learned to earn my currency and over time  
Affiliated, clearly click a military mind  
May God forgive us though we dwell inside a paradox  
Thugged out and drug dealin', from the womb to the block  
My live mind got me survivin' five rounds (shots)  
My forty-five got me fortified with live rounds  
When shit's thick we plot hits, when our Glock spits  
All hail, out on bail, wrath of the 2Pacalypse  
Forever ghetto necessary picture food stamps  
Outlaw Thug Niggas never left the boot camp

[Cocoa Brovaz:]

[Tek:]

They called us for assignment, one of the squad's finest  
Skills in guerrilla warfare and blessed with refinement  
My rap sheet, contains sections of bomb sessions  
Says I'm responsible for black Smif-N-Wessun  
Putting likkle you'ts in a military state of mind  
Dangerous like chronic and yard when combined  
Cocoa Brovaz 'pon de borderline  
Test de sound and ye dead same ti-me

[Steele:]

Man to man, I'm facin' the Devil with a plan  
Judo stance, first glance, I'm makin' my advance  
Animal instincts, intelligence of an assassin



Masked men, ninjas that surround me, ready to attack  
I react swiftly, what father taught me sticks with me  
Never forget the method, stick and move strictly  
Shit be seemin' like it's closin' in  
With no regrets I hold position  
'Cause I suppose I'm one of the chosen men

*[Buckshot:]*

Picture being put in a position to move  
And you can't move 'cause your move is blocked by the knight  
At twelve o'clock, that's when the madness begins  
So I start to focus in, my thoughts on the war  
'Cause the rule is the law, and the law that we live by  
Is to stay true to self, in this case, BDI  
Why try if ya body lie  
By the block true soldier mentality, this is how we rock and roll  
(This is how we ride)

*[Boot Camp Klik:]*

Stick and move, time to show 'em how to make a move  
Or get moved on, let's see who strong

*[Cocoa Brovaz:]*

*[Tek:]*

In the gaze of the strange, where nothing stays the same  
Where new faces come through with similar game  
Now who you thought was them, really ain't  
They catchin' deja vus of the game people play  
It's a call for readjustment, fine tune yo' position  
You slippin' and trippin' 'stead of bobbin and dippin'  
But never let this world of stress get the best of me  
Takin' breathin' techniques, slay you with Tai-Chi

*[Steele:]*

What does it take, to get a break in the world of snakes  
And dose who fake  
Elimination I'm facin' destruction  
Outlawed, so I duck and down, fo'-fo' is bustin', no one to trust in  
Rushin' to the goal line  
Catch a nigga beat him treat him like he stole mine  
No swine I'm a soldier, soldier I control mine  
Time to, take you, back into time - follow dis here

*[Buckshot:]*

One way out, this black hole  
For this black soul, shit is outta control  
I'm fightin' for my position to be a fetus in this world I'm enterin'  
And my face is sentencin' for repentance  
Before my body was fully formed into a human  
I was already consumin' weed  
'Cause my moms used to smoke back in the 70s  
Maybe that's why in the 90s I drop G's when I drop degrees  
When I ease across the block with 'Pac  
Got all y'all niggas shocked  
You didn't think Boot Camp Klik would link, with a Outlaw mind?

If you do you press rewind  
And you can peep guerrilla tactics in every line

[2Pac:]

Yeah, and this is how we do it!  
Where my real thugs, where they at?  
Let me, see my real thugs, now where ya at?  
Won'tcha, see my real thugs, where ya at?  
Let me, see my real thugs, where ya at now?  
Where my real thugs, let me see, where ya at?  
Tell me where my real thugs got to see, where ya at?  
Where's my soldiers - where ya at?  
Where my, real soldiers - where ya at?  
Where my soldiers at; where ya at, where ya at?  
Get yo' strap my nigga; where ya at, where ya at?  
Where my soldiers at; where ya at, what ya at?  
Getcha, thug niggas where ya at, witcha strap?  
Where my soldiers at, where my true thug niggas  
No longer drug dealers 'cause we now, thug niggas  
Where my soldiers at, no longer drug dealers  
'Cause we now, thug niggas, let me, where my  
Where my soldiers at?, put your pistols in the air  
Where my soldiers at?, put yo' guns up  
Tell me where my soldiers at?, put yo' pistols in the air  
Where my, SOLDIERS, my true thug ROLLERS  
Yes, it just doesn't quit, YES!  
This is that real hip-hop shit YES!  
Fuck what you heard  
From the ghetto to the 'burbs, know we meant, every word  
Where my SOLDIERS?, where my soldiers at  
Where my SOLDIERS?, where my soldiers at  
Put yo' hand on the pistol, put yo' pistols in the air  
Where my soldiers at?, where my soldiers at?  
Where my SOLDIERS?, where my soldiers at  
Where my SOLDIERS?, where my soldiers at  
When Bob Dole and Delores Tucker wanna know  
Where my soldiers at, GO VOTE!

Thanks to dziga for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): Tupac Shakur, Kenyatta Blake, Tekomin Williams, Darrell Yates, Marvin Darrell Harper, Darryl Harper

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Fame"

(feat. Bad Azz, Outlawz)

[2Pac:]

And my niggas say  
We want the fame!  
Come on! Come on!

[2Pac:]

One thing we all adore  
Something worth dyin' for  
Nothin' but pain  
Stuck in this game  
Searchin' for fortune and fame

[2Pac:]

Though we exist to breed, some believe currency comes to G's  
Stress is half the battle, with success comes greed  
They got me hot when they shot me, plotted  
My revenge to increase my ends; enemies gettin' dropped  
Win or lose, red or blue, we must all stay true  
Play the game, nigga, never let the game play you  
And for the fame, niggas change fast, that's a shame  
What's to gain, lost souls? Who controls our brain?  
Who can I blame? The world seems strange at times  
Somewhat insane, I'm hopin' we can change with time  
I'm livin' blinded, searchin' for refinement curse  
I know, Death follows me, but I'll murder him first  
And worse yet, with each breathe, steps I take, breathless  
Is there a cure for a hustler with a death wish?  
Cigar ashes, toast with crystal, glasses  
We mash on them jealous bastards, with my ski mask  
I'm the first one to want him blasted  
Wrapped in plastic, bullshittin' got his ass hit  
Ain't nothing left now, treated like a stepchild was not for me  
Nothing but busters and bitches be rockin' beats, fakin' fame

[Yaki Kadhafi:]

Block run and shoot slugs  
We throw them back like hardballs  
Without the gloves, no love for these fake desperadoes  
And thugs I bleed to envy  
Smoke and blow out they blunts, sippin' Henny  
Drunk nights, and hot days  
Cockin' my heat, shootin' it sideways  
A wife on the run, full of common blunts  
Unconditionally married to my gun  
Fulfillin' my destiny on knees and one's desires  
Be pullin' all my cabbage like priors, stuck in the trance  
Searchin' for something higher, the fortune and fame

[2Pac:]

One thing we all adore  
Something worth dyin' for  
Nothin' but pain  
Stuck in this game  
Searchin' for fortune and fame  
One thing we all adore  
Something worth dyin' for  
Nothin' but pain  
Stuck in this game  
Searchin' for fortune and fame

*[Young Noble:]*

Searchin' for fortune and fame, lost in the rain  
A lost of the game, with life the cost of the game  
We forcin' the change, motherfuck flossin' a chain  
All the blame belongs to the part of the brain  
That we never use, nigga, plus my heart is in pain  
And if I ever lose, homie, bet I'm at it again  
Outlaws don't die, so united we stand  
And if family come before, all the fortune and fame

*[Napoleon:]*

As I walk up in the crib, laid to rest my head  
Say salaam to the angels, hope they bless my bed  
Hope they bless me the righteous way  
Got a homie locked down outta town, I sent him a kite today  
Man, that hate in your heart you gotta cleanse it, dawg  
Prayin' for my downfall, and I can sense it, dawg  
I was passed down the street fame  
Like Glocks clocked and keep aim  
Was raised up with a clock box  
And I ran with the local street gang  
They say the light is faded but still shine in the dark  
You can easy been a man, but you's a boy in your heart  
And that's some game that I got from generation of game  
In the road of life, dog  
We need to switch up lanes – think about it!

*[2Pac:]*

One thing we all adore  
Something worth dyin' for  
Nothin' but pain  
Stuck in this game  
Searchin' for fortune and fame  
One thing we all adore  
Something worth dyin' for  
Been nothin' but pain  
Stuck in this game  
Searchin' for fortune and fame

*[Bad Azz:]*

I can't complain, I've seen my fair share of the fame  
It won't change me, now I've got this piece of change  
I feel strange, I got so used to the hood  
That when I finally got out at first it ain't feel good  
I was just a baby, still retarded from slavery

When we struggle to shovel shit ain't nobody saved me  
Ghetto ain't made me, I made myself  
Poverty raised me, thinking ain't no help  
I pray for my health, my mind, and my family too  
State of myself, my grind, and my family crew  
Where one hand washes the other  
No, we ain't blood, but we still real brothers  
The struggle is real, nothin' can steal what we build  
And that remains the same 'til the day that we killed  
And that's real, life that I was aimed to be  
Love by my family tree, that's fame to me – how about it?

*[2Pac:]*

One thing we all adore  
Something worth dyin' for  
Nothin' but pain  
Stuck in this game  
Searchin' for fortune and fame  
One thing we all adore  
Something worth dyin' for  
Nothin' but pain  
Stuck in this game  
Searchin' for fortune and fame

Thanks to dziga for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Tyrone Wrice, Yafeu A. Fula, Katari T Cox, Rufus Lee Cooper, Mutah W Beale

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Fair Xchange (Remix)"

(feat. Mya)

[Mya:]

No, no...

Picture of perfection, the object of a nigga affection  
Partners in passionate sex, a place to put my erection  
Fantasies of you in submission, freaky positions  
Pushin', pullin' and twistin' I'm on a mission got me on the mash  
Tried to dig, you was screamin' when I did  
Steady yellin' out spots for me to hit, and "aw shit"  
Soon as I seen her saw us playin' hide the weiner  
Wanna "Freak Like Me", fuck Adina  
Up and down is the object, side to side  
Make you holla out my name when a thug nigga ride, "Can I cum inside?"  
Say you don't feel it that's a lie, you just scared to get this  
Penitentiary dick, the trot caught your eye  
When I walked by, I said, "Hi"  
But you was so shy, I can't lie, damn near stuttered when you walked by  
You want me to lick it and even worse  
Got your heart set on me goin' first, and that ain't no fair exchange

[Mya:]

Only one thing that you, can do, for me  
Baby you can treat me right, we can do it all the night  
Nothin' more than our fair exchange  
Hit my G-spot and make, me scream, your name  
You can do whatever you want, I got what I want and gone  
Nothin' more than our fair exchange

Open your legs  
Got me marchin' like it's a million, you tremble from the feelin'  
Look up, cause I got mirrors on the ceilin'  
And if you willin', then we can ride until the sun shine  
And just for fun, I betchu I can make you cum 61 times  
Close your eyes, let me heat it up  
Cause when we fuck I refuse to bust a nut until I beat it up  
Drop the top, time to fuck while the wind blow  
Baby throw yo' legs out the window  
Remember on the balcony, bend over baby bounce on me  
And let me hit it where it counts and flee  
Remember me? "I Get Around," and I'm haunted by my "Temptations"  
Sexual participation, my motivation  
Even though I like the way you work it  
You don't deserve it cause you walk around actin' like you perfect  
Took a while but I finally got it, and like a boss player  
Bitch you ain't doin' me no favors  
Fair exchange

[Mya:]

Only one thing that you, can do, for me

Baby you can treat me right, we can do it all the night  
Nothin' more than our fair exchange  
Hit my G-spot and make, me scream, your name  
You can get whatever you want, I got what I want and gone  
Nothin' more than our fair exchange

Now yo' attitude ain't realistic  
Yeah it's true I'm gettin' pussy, but baby you gettin' dick!  
And since you bein' laced with the penetration  
It's only right to show a form of appreciation  
Instead of fakin' like you can't hear the bed shakin'  
In bed naked you so twisted think yo' legs breakin'  
You said take it so I'm blind in my passion, how long will I last?  
Doggy style steady pumpin' on that ass, until I blast  
And then I laugh as we lay back  
See I wait 'til you asleep and that's the payback  
Cause you actin' like you did somethin', givin' me a piece  
I had you mufflin' your screams in the sheets, fuckin' with me  
A true digger that love triggers, a thug nigga  
Hustlin' bitches like drug dealers  
Before I say goodbye, put an end to all the games  
Here's my number for another fair exchange

[Mya:]

(It's only one!!!) Only one thing that you, can do (thing that you can do for me), for me  
Baby you can treat me right, we can do it all the night  
Nothin' more than our fair exchange  
Hit my G-spot and make, me scream, your name (make me scream baby)  
You can get whatever you want, I got what I want and gone  
Nothin' more than our fair exchange  
Only one thing that you (whatever you want), can do, for me  
Baby you can treat me right (can you do me), we can do it all the night  
Nothin' more than our fair exchange  
Hit my G-spot and make, me scream, your name  
You can get whatever you want, I got what I want and gone  
Nothin' more than our fair exchange

[Mya:]

Fair exchange  
No one, gives me lovin' (lovin')  
Quite like you do (No one gives me lovin' like you do)  
No one, gives me lovin'  
Quite like you do (that I knows, you know, you love, I love)  
(The things that I'ma do, to you)

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Catching Feelins"

(feat. Outlawz)

[2Pac:]

Ahahha all my homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down (never)  
Ahahah yeah! My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down  
Uh, yeah! My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down  
Westside, westside  
Part two of the war

[2Pac:]

Cross this nigga here, now Biggie tell me who do you fear?  
Ain't a livin' soul breathin' shall pump no fear here  
My last foe flashed then I mashed his ass  
Bastard, fuck with me, bet I blast your ass  
So many follow but can't reach me, caught in the maze  
Catch them, mimickin' my style tryin' to walk this way  
Impossible my posse droppin' you, we Death Row riders  
No need to beg, motherfucker, ain't no mercy inside us  
Feelin' blessed, the richer I get, the more I stress  
Smokin' lye watchin' time fly, waitin' for death  
Dear God I been feelin' like I'm close to Jesus  
Paranoid with my pistols close, smokin' trees  
Keep my eyes on my foes, those close to me  
Watchin' niggas catch strays, shake, choke and bleed  
Me, a mercenary for the streets, check my pedigree  
Bustin' motherfuckers it's the thug in me  
Now niggas talk a lotta Bad Boy shit, then get to squealin'  
Bitch made catchin' feelings

Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?  
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down  
Screamin' bye bye bitches, untouchable sound  
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town  
Catchin' feelings

Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?  
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down  
Screamin' bye bye bitches, untouchable sound  
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town  
Catchin' feelings

Yeah, Napoleon!

[Napoleon:]

Picture me sippin' on 1-5-1  
Drunk than a motherfucker droppin' my gun  
Or high as a kite hittin' hoes for fun  
But that ain't me, dog, my mind's now clear  
And that ain't fair, dog, your heart pump fear  
In the state I, shoot you better hide nigga, chute is near  
And you know just as well I do  
You ain't no killer, so kill that, you wouldn't kill if you had to



We might wobble, but we don't fall down  
We take the gospel from Makaveli, pass it around  
Holla "let's hit", we gon' taste the power  
We started the thug trend, the game is ours  
Now we coast together, put our thoughts together  
Won't question when we die together  
Cause the hour soon to come  
Kadafi trained soldier, I show you how to use your gun  
Bring it

Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?  
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down  
Screamin' bye bye bitches, untouchable sound  
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town  
Catchin' feelings  
Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?  
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down  
Screamin' bye bye bitches, untouchable sound  
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town  
Catchin' feelings

*[EDI-Mean:]*

We yellin' "M-A-D-E N-I-double G-As  
Motherfuckas, and we here to stay  
From curb surfen', we workin' the industry, you kiddin' me  
It's really nothing to me and my king, you see  
We in the big things, eat a dick man, if you're hatin'  
We're gonna ride 'til the wheels fall off, pay attention  
Screamin' "Bye bye bitches, untouchable sound"  
Ride or die niggas, and we huntin' you down  
Representin' all the real niggas stuck in the trap  
Bangin' out with the po-po, tryin' to get to some more  
Street life, young strugglers racin' the clock  
Ain't no tellin' when it all can end, roll a rock  
That's the world with feelings, this a man's world youngin'  
The bitches in business, so learn a little something  
Hey, stop runnin' your mouth, you're on the verge of squealin'  
Bitch made catchin' feelings

Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?  
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down  
Screamin' bye bye bitches, untouchable sound  
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town  
Catchin' feelings  
Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?  
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down  
Screamin' bye bye bitches, untouchable sound  
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town  
Catchin' feelings

*[Yaki Kadafi:]*

Everybody's a gangsta, but don't put in work  
Instead of puttin' on the armor, niggas put on skirts  
These drugs ain't helpin', it only makin' it worse  
And the streets ain't got nothing for me but a hearse  
I can't trust the church or the mobs, I can only trust God

And to tell you the truth I gotta ride  
I only roll with the real  
Cause rollin' with the fake got my loved ones killed

Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?  
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down  
Screamin' bye bye bitches, untouchable sound  
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town  
Catchin' feelings

Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?  
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down  
Screamin' bye bye bitches, untouchable sound  
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town  
Catchin' feelings

Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?  
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down  
Screamin' bye bye bitches, untouchable sound  
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town  
Catchin' feelings

Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?  
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down  
Screamin' bye bye bitches, untouchable sound  
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town  
Catchin' feelings

Thanks to dziga for adding these lyrics.

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "There U Go"

(feat. Outlawz, Big Syke, Jazze Pha)

[2Pac:]

I don't know why I be fuckin' witchu

Was it the liquor, that makes me act blind, times that I'm with her  
Anonymous pictures of other niggas tryin' to kiss her  
Will I love her or shall I diss her?

I'm sick of this scandalous shit I deal wit', tryin' to paint a perfect picture  
My memories of jealousy no longer carefree  
Cause so much bullshit your girlfriends keep tellin' me  
I'm on tour, but now my bedroom's an open door  
So it got me thinkin', what am I tryin' for?  
When I was young I was so very dumb, eager to please  
A lil', trick on a mission tryin' to get in my P  
Me and my niggas is thug niggas, former known drug dealers  
We don't love bitches and believe, they don't love niggas  
I gotta blame my attraction  
But you became a distraction, a threat to my paper stackin'  
I thought you changed but now I know  
Can't turn a ho into a housewife, baby, and there you go

[Jazze Pha:]

There you - there you go, actin' like a ho'  
There you - there you go, actin' like a ho'  
There you - there you go, actin' like a ho'  
Actin' like a ho', actin' like a ho'  
HOE! See the word on the streets you're a  
HOE! Just a groupie on a world tour  
HOE! Now I found out for myself you're a  
HOE! Girl you need to check yourself

[Kastro:]

These silly bitches got this game twisted  
So I don't claim 'em, just bang 'em  
Papa raised a player, so player, I play 'em  
I got hoes that got more, hoes than me  
So how I look, gettin' hooked, like I ain't got G?  
Truly cutie booty big, but that ain't enough  
And the head make me beg, still that just ain't enough  
When I don't trust her, the bitch be lyin' too much  
When she be dyin' to fuck me you be buyin' her stuff, ho

[Yaki Kadafi:]

See girlfriend I know, your whole M.O.'s preoccupied with mostly  
Gettin' clown after clown, town coast to coast - see  
I been tryin' to stay away from sluts like you  
Got me turned off completely by that sheisty shit that you do  
Knew from jump yo' aim  
Straight through them spandex, don't front just name  
Spots on yo' body for me to touch while you clutch this game

I keep flowin' like H2O it ain't nothin' for me to say  
Why you keep actin' like a ho? But there you go

*[Jazze Pha:]*

There you - there you go, actin' like a ho'  
There you - there you go, actin' like a ho'  
There you - there you go, actin' like a ho'  
Actin' like a ho', actin' like a ho'  
HOE! See the word on the streets you're a  
HOE! Just a groupie on a world tour  
HOE! Now I found out for myself you're a  
HOE! Girl you need to check yourself

*[Young Noble:]*

Uh, when I first met her I told her I was busy all the time  
Now she, callin' me flippin' like she miss me all the time  
How she, don't even trip she got a man at home  
You need to stop chasin' dick bitch and raise your son  
I'm like - damn, we can creep sometime  
And you know I'm on the road for like weeks at a time  
Girl you're thirsty; and stop callin' while I'm workin' you hurtin' me  
All this bullshit is irkin' me girl, but there you go

*[Big Syke:]*

I blame it on yo' momma, she need to holla at you  
But should I blame it on yo' daddy for all the things that you do  
Cause there you go, just like a ho, caught in the streets  
Like givin' yo' number out to every nigga you meet  
I'm tired of the games you playin', so stop playin' (ho)  
You hear what I'm saying, you only good for parlayin'  
I'm layin' down the rules, this a game that you lose  
So the streets can have you baby cause I stay on the move

*[Jazze Pha:]*

There you - there you go, actin' like a ho' (there you go!!)  
There you - there you go, actin' like a ho' (actin' like a real ho')  
There you - there you go, actin' like a ho'  
Actin' like a ho', actin' like a ho'  
HOE! See the word on the streets you're a  
HOE! Just a groupie on a world tour  
HOE! Now I found out for myself you're a  
HOE! Girl you need to check yourself

*[2Pac:]*

There you go baby girl, that's the story  
There you motherfuckin' go  
I coulda swore you told me you was gon' change  
And you don't wanna go to clubs no more and  
You wasn't fin' to dress all crazy no more and  
You was gon' stay home and try to chill  
What happened baby?  
Oh, so yo' friend wanted to go out  
That wasn't you that went out  
You was just goin' out cause yo' friend was  
Okay, so you was pissy drunk up in that nigga car  
Cause yo' friend wanted to get drunk huh?

It's all good, cause there you go baby  
Oh I ain't trippin' on them niggas callin' the house  
It's all good, cause there you go  
Me I'ma still be a player, all day baby  
So uh, there you go

*[Jazze Pha:]*

There you - there you go, actin' like a ho'  
There you - there you go, actin' like a ho'  
There you - there you go, actin' like a ho'  
Actin' like a ho', actin' like a ho'  
HOE! See the word on the streets you're a  
HOE! Just a groupie on a world tour  
HOE! Now I found out for myself you're a  
HOE!..

Thanks to thuglife for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Mutah Beale, Malcolm Greenidge, Katari Cox, Yafeu Fula, Tupac Shakur, Lee Johnny

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "This Life I Lead"

(feat. Outlawz)

[2Pac:]

In this motherfucking life I lead, shit  
A hell of motherfucking road blocks  
And crooked cops  
We still ride though  
What side? Westside

[2Pac:]

I want money in large amounts  
My garage full of cars that bounce  
Movin' my tapes in major ways, 'cause every dollar counts  
Busters is jealous and half these niggas is punks  
They runnin' off at the mouth 'til I fill it up with my pump  
They jump, my automatic keep 'em wary  
Why you frontin' like you Billy Badass? Nigga, you scary  
I've been knowin' you for years  
We was high school peers, in junior high  
I was itchin' to kill, and you was ready to die  
While you bullshittin', niggas was dyin' and catchin' cases  
Bustin' my automatics at motherfuckers in foreign places  
Leavin' no trace, they see my face and they buried  
Them bitches die in a hurry, still I ride, I'm never worried  
Mr. Makaveli tell me to ride, and I'ma ride  
Pick my enemies out the crowd, and motherfuckers die  
It's not the way I wanna live, my nigga, it's how it is  
Homie got into a fight last night that killed his kids

[2Pac:]

In this life I lead, fiend for currency, get high off weed  
Collect G's, make my enemies bleed  
When you see me, nigga, holla my set!  
And watch 'em ride, Outlaw motherfuckers 'til we die  
In this life I lead, fiend for currency, get high off weed  
Collect G's, make my enemies bleed  
When you see me, nigga, holla my set!  
And watch 'em ride, Outlaw motherfuckers  
'Til we die, in this life I lead

[Young Noble:]

I ain't a killer but don't push me, dawg  
For the family I'll send that ass straight to God  
In this life I lead, I seen the most of my 23 years  
When vision is blurry, the money is clear  
Some of my peers eternally will sleep in a coffin  
And when Nob' on the road, I'm extremely cautious  
It happen that fast, split second you gone  
At the top of my tombstone put "Nob' was raw"  
Outlaw 'til I'm under the floor, for Kadafi the Prince  
I stack dough like I clocked all the bricks

With a watch on my wrist, dawg, I know the time these days  
We Outlawz, we gon' die this way nigga (nigga)  
We already in the history books, 'Pac made sure of that  
Whatever you took, we takin' it back  
You know it's all for the foundation  
Outlawz, we still buildin' the Thug Nation; holla at ya homie!

*[2Pac:]*

In this life I lead, fiend for currency, get high off weed  
Collect G's, make my enemies bleed  
When you see me, nigga, holla my set!  
And watch 'em ride, Outlaw motherfuckers 'til we die  
In this life I lead, fiend for currency, get high off weed  
Collect G's, make my enemies bleed  
When you see me, nigga, holla my set!  
And watch 'em ride, Outlaw motherfuckers  
'Til we die, in this life I lead

*[Napoleon:]*

It ain't nothin' but in-between nuts, oxygen is gettin' hot  
Got a problem, old fag-ass nigga, kick rocks  
\*Bin Laden\* on the phone and that nigga talkin' crazy  
I don't know who to blame, him or \*Bush\* for killin' babies  
I'm a New Jerz' Devil, the street, creative rebel  
Only got one shot to produce on every level  
This is bags I must, go the max I must  
Nigga, I came from not much, so money I clutch  
Uh-uh, Napoleon the strength of the strong-arm  
When they think they was in the right  
I prove they movin' wrong  
I'm a hardcore product of the ghetto  
Been blessed fo' sho' to eat from out the ghetto  
I maneuver, in the right lane, quick to push back brains  
Switchin' to the left lane, I'm playin' my hands  
And I'm plottin' on the fortune, it's gettin' hot and scorchin'  
I'm diggin' like a scorpion that torture they enemies

*[2Pac:]*

In this life I lead, fiend for currency, get high off weed  
Collect G's, make my enemies bleed  
When you see me, nigga, holla my set!  
And watch 'em ride, Outlaw motherfuckers 'til we die  
In this life I lead, fiend for currency, get high off weed  
Collect G's, make my enemies bleed  
When you see me, nigga, holla my set!  
And watch 'em ride, Outlaw motherfuckers  
'Til we die, in this life I lead

*[Kastro:]*

Now with this Outlaw lifestyle that I been introduced to  
Money and hoes keep us closer to Lucifer  
Steady seducin' us and now I'm all for it  
This the life for me and the law can't spoil it  
So you can call it what the fuck you want  
But I'm a ballin' alcoholic with a sawed-off pump  
My momma ain't raised no punk; and neither did 'Pac

So when it jump off, I breathe for Yak'  
Been puttin' in work, so I walk with a bop  
And it ain't safe at home, so I sleep with a Glock (no mistakes)  
Thug livin', uh, what the fuck'd be better?  
I do my dirt with the family so we dyin' together

*[E.D.I.:]*

We on a mission for mo', gangsta shit on you hoes  
We ain't fuckin' with you most  
Just crooks and niggas about they flow  
Tryin' to live Godzilla  
E.D.I. went from a Bad Boy to an anybody killer  
Look out, wanted man, guns in hand, stand firm  
Nuts and my pride, now let's burn  
Bound to the fam going down swingin'  
Holding my ground, now we the last ones breathin'  
Won't stop until we even deep in the trenches  
So many killings it's senseless  
So in this life I lead, I stay protected  
By God, my squad, and this thing in my palm  
Now all my hustlin' motherfuckers, get your money, sing along

*[2Pac:]*

In this life I lead, fiend for currency, get high off weed  
Collect G's, make my enemies bleed  
When you see me, nigga, holla my set!  
And watch 'em ride, Outlaw motherfuckers 'til we die  
In this life I lead, fiend for currency, get high off weed  
Collect G's, make my enemies bleed  
When you see me, nigga, holla my set!  
And watch 'em ride, Outlaw motherfuckers  
'Til we die, in this life I lead

*[2Pac:]*

This motherfuckin' life I lead, nigga  
You know what time it is  
Westside, Death Row  
(Dogg Pound) e'rybody killer  
Bad Boy killer, So So Def killer  
Thug Life, Death Row  
E'rybody killer; fuck all y'all niggas!  
If it ain't Westside, nigga, it ain't poppin'  
That's on my mama

Thanks to dziga for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Beale Mutah W, Cooper Rufus Lee, Cox Katari T, Greenidge Malcolm R, Brown Ricardo Emmanuel,  
Arnaud Delmar, Jackson Johnny Lee



# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Who Do U Believe In"

(feat. Kadafi (Outlawz))

*[Intro: 2Pac]*

Let us pray  
Heavenly Father, hear a nigga down here  
Before I go to sleep  
Tell me, who do you believe in?  
Who do you believe in?

*[Verse One: 2Pac]*

I see mothers in black cryin, brothers in packs dyin  
Plus everybody's high, too doped up to ask why  
Watchin our own downfall, witness the end  
It's like we don't believe in God cause we livin in sin  
I asked my homie on the block why he strapped, he laughed  
Pointed his pistol as the cop car passed and blast  
It's just another murder, nobody mourns no more  
My tear drops gettin bigger but can't figure what I'm cryin for  
Is it the miniature caskets, little babies  
Victims of a stray, from drug dealers gone crazy  
Maybe it's just the drugs, visions of how the block was  
Crack came and it was strange how it rocked us  
Perhaps the underlyin fact they hide explain genocide  
It's when we ride on our own kind  
What is it we all fear, reflections in the mirror  
We can't escape fate, the end is gettin nearer

*[Chorus 2X: 2Pac]*

Who do you believe in?  
I put my faith in God, blessed and still breathin  
And even though it's hard, that's who I believe in  
Before I'm leavin, I'm askin the grievin - who do you believe in?

*[Verse Two: 2Pac]*

Can't close my eyes cause all I see is terror  
I hate the man in the mirror  
Cause his reflection makes the pain turn realer  
Times of Armageddeon, murder in mass amounts  
In this society where only gettin the cash counts  
I started out as a beginner  
Entered the criminal lifestyle became a sinner  
I make my money and vacate, evade prison  
Went from the chosen one to outcast, unforgiven  
And all the Hennessy and weed can't hide, the pain I feel inside  
You know, it's like I'm livin just to die  
I fall on my knees and beg for mercy, not knowin if I'm worthy  
Livin life thinkin no man can hurt me  
So I'm askin -- before I lay me down to sleep  
Before you judge me, look at all the shit you did to me, my misery  
I rose up from the slums, made it out the flames  
In my search for fame will I change? I'm askin

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse Three: Kadafi]*

Faith in Allah, believe in me and this plastic  
Cause so far I done witnessed to many dead niggaz in caskets  
With they chest plates stretched like elastic  
And what's worse I'm on front line, holdin down camp, still mashin  
Heard my cousin, one of the old heads from the block  
Just came home October of '95 back in Yardsville stuck  
with a three to five, if he don't act up, now he realize  
If you don't stay wise, then in this game you fucked  
Talk to my baby girl, give me the word on what she heard  
One of the grimmies is snitchin, Diamond a stool pigeon I talked to him  
He said he didn't, my man said he did, in fact he's sure  
Cause he just came home off of bail

*[2Pac]* Now tell me

*[Chorus]*

*[Outro: spoken word]*

Who do you believe in?  
Is it Buddah, Jehovah, or Jah? Or Allah?  
Is it Jesus? Is it God? Or is just yourself?  
Definitely not to be imposed, being a demon  
Because this is the joy of believing!  
Men, to believe in yourselves  
But for sure, the higher power  
Resides only to ride in the heart of the true  
From the soul, of the man; for truth never has an alibi  
In the poetry, or in it's realm  
That's what pulls all words together  
Just to understand, that every man, is his OWN man  
And only man can satisfy the man  
Only the soul of the man, the feelings of the man  
The for realness of the man  
You can't shake the man when you feel the man you know the man  
And you gotta call yourself because you are that man

*[2Pac]*

Who do you believe in?  
I put my faith in God, blessed and still breathin

*[singing while 2Pac speaks]*

Who do you believe in? Put my faith in God, and  
Blessed and still breathin

*[singer + (2Pac)]*

Even though it's hard (Who do you believe in?)  
That's who I believe in (Put my faith in God)  
Before I'm leavin (Even though it's hard)  
I'm askin the grievin  
(Before I'm leavin I'm askin the grievin - who do you believe in?)  
Who do you believe in? (Who do you believe in?)  
Who do you (Blessed and still breathin)

Oh blessed, oh blessed  
(Before I'm leavin I'm askin the grievin - who do you believe in?)

*[singer]*

Oh who do you  
Do you believe in  
Hohhhhh-ohhhhh

*[2Pac over singer]*

Who do you believe in?  
I put my faith in God, blessed and still breathin  
And even though it's hard, that's who I believe in  
Before I'm leavin I'm askin the grievin - who do you believe in?

*[singer + (2Pac)]*

I'm askin (Who do you believe in?)  
I'm askin you (Put my faith in God)  
(That's who I believe in)  
(Before I'm leavin I'm askin the grievin - who do you believe in?)

*[2Pac]*

Who do you believe in?  
I'm blessed and still breathin  
That's who I believe in  
Before I'm leavin, I'm askin the grievin  
Who do you believe in?  
Who do you believe in? *[echoes to fade]*

Thanks to mack3101 for correcting these lyrics.

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "They Don't Give A Fuck About Us"

(feat. Outlawz)

[2Pac:]

Y'all ain't never just tripped and pictured  
And just looked at the whole situation  
'Cause once you look at it  
You know, (really do)

[2Pac:]

They don't give a fuck about us  
They don't give a fuck about us  
They don't give a fuck about us  
If I choose to ride, thuggin' 'til the day I die  
Nobody give a fuck about us  
And when I start to rise  
A hero in their children's eyes  
Now they give a fuck about us

[2Pac:]

Some say niggas is hard headed 'cause we love to trick  
Equipped with game so we bang with this thuggish shit  
I see you tryin' to hide, hopin' that nobody don't notice  
You must always remember  
You're still a member of the hopeless  
See, you're black like me, so you snap like me  
When these devils try to plot, trap our young black seeds  
Look it, cops are just as crooked as the niggas they chasin'  
Lookin' for role models, our father figures is basers  
Some say they expect Illuminati take my body to sleep  
Niggas at the party with they shotties just as rowdy as me  
Before I fear computer chips, I gotta deal with brothers flippin'  
I don't see no devils bleedin', only black blood drippin'  
We can change; what your mouth say?  
I'm watchin' niggas work their lives out without pay  
Whatever it takes to switch places with the busters on top  
I'm bustin' shots, make the world stop  
They don't give a fuck about us

[2Pac:]

Now if I choose to ride, thuggin' 'til the day I die  
Nobody gives a fuck about us  
But when I start to rise  
A hero in their children's eyes  
Now they give a fuck about us  
If I choose to ride, thuggin' 'til the day I die  
Nobody gives a fuck about us  
But when I start to rise  
A hero in their children's eyes  
Now they give a fuck about us

[E.D.I. Mean:]

It's the morning after and now all the laughter is gone  
Time to reflect on what you did, 'cause they sayin' you wrong  
I'm sure you had your reasons, dawg; I don't doubt you  
See, the simple fact of the matter is they don't give a fuck about you  
Or them five mouths you forced to feed  
Not includin' yourself, all you want is wealth, they perceive it as greed  
So as you loaded up that MAC and continue to buck 'em  
I was on paper, thinkin' they don't give a fuck about us

*[2Pac:]*

I'm seein' it clearer, hatin' the picture in the mirror  
They claim we inferior, so why the fuck these devils fear ya?  
I'm watchin' my nation die, genocide the cause  
Expect a blood bath, the aftermath is y'all's  
I told you, last album, we need help cause we dyin'  
Give us a chance, help us advance, 'cause we tryin'  
Ignore my whole plea, watchin' us in disgust  
And then they beg when my guns bust  
They don't give a fuck about us

*[2Pac:]*

Now if I choose to ride, thuggin' 'til the day I die  
Nobody gives a fuck about us  
But when I start to rise  
A hero in their children's eyes  
Now they give a fuck about us  
If I choose to ride, thuggin' 'til the day I die  
Nobody gives a fuck about us  
But when I start to rise  
A hero in their children's eyes  
Now they give a fuck about us

*[Kastro:]*

Now, all my homies got love for me  
Down to catch a slug for me  
Guaranteed to bleed deeply, now that's love  
Shit, nobody else could give a fuck  
If I'm tore down, from the floor down, six-feet deep in the cut  
What the fuck done went wrong?  
How long will I be mourned?  
When I'm gone, same song, ain't gave a fuck all along  
And who am I to blame 'em?  
Just do or die through the rainin'  
Since they don't give a fuck, I don't; feel what I'm sayin'?

*[Kadafi:]*

Now, thug niggas die but multiply in doubles  
Wrapped in plastic or closed casket for our troubles  
Pressed in times, we busted, like bubbles  
With the police, this nation's peace sent here to run you  
Now look at what this crooked world has come to  
I grew up on the other side of perfect, a life of hurtin'  
Man, I still hustle, so I'm dyin' certain  
So I spent your time in poor and workin', I see no reason  
So I stay ballin' season to season  
Why you stuck thinkin' that they give a fuck?

*[Napolean:]*

You tell me my world is in peace, but nigga, you're lyin'  
'Cause half of my niggas long gone  
Buried in the dirt just for tryin'  
Sometimes I think my block is dyin' and that is awful  
To wake up to another day, shit ain't changed that's all fool  
I wake up sweatin', dreamin', coughin'  
Seein' me upside down backwards head twisted  
While I'm layin' in the coffin  
The shit comes around so often; so tell me somethin'  
Before I take it out on the world, and get to dumpin'  
Nigga, I been so through pain, go through the struggle  
Doin' the same thing you did at my age, and that's hustlin'  
On the edge of straight bustin'  
Well, since you don't give a fuck, I be frontin'  
And I'ma drink my Hennessy like it ain't nothin'

*[2Pac:]*

If I choose to ride, thuggin' 'til the day I die  
They don't give a fuck about us  
But while I'm kickin' rhymes  
Kick it to their children's minds  
Now they give a fuck about us  
They wanna see us die  
They kick us every time we try  
'Cause they don't give a fuck about us  
So while I'm gettin' high  
I'm watchin' as the world goes by  
'Cause they don't give a fuck about us  
If I choose to ride, thuggin' 'til the day I die  
They don't give a fuck about us  
But while I'm kickin' rhymes  
Kick it to their children's minds  
Now they give a fuck about us  
They wanna see us die  
They kick us every time we try  
'Cause they don't give a fuck about us  
So while I'm gettin' high  
I'm watchin' as the world goes by  
'Cause they don't give a fuck about us  
Rise... rise

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Beale Mutah W, Cox Katari T, Greenidge Malcolm R, Fula Yafeu A, Jackson Johnny Lee

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Outro"

Expect me like you expect Jesus to come back  
Expect me nigga, I'm comin'